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FORTY STORIES
FOR THE
CHURCH, SCHOOL AND HOME



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BY

MARGARET W. EGGLESTON



HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS

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FORTY STORIES FOR THE
CHURCH, SCHOOL AND HOME

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M-A

TO MY FATHER,

REVEREND EDWARD WHITE,

who taught me as a little child on his
knee to create and to tell stories.

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PREFACE

THERE is a growing realization on the part of church, and home, and school that more must be done in the days ahead to help the children of America to think about, and accept, the great basic ideas, and ideals, on which a strong character is built; on which a strong democracy is built, also: honesty, loyalty, thrift, courage, faith, religion, hard work, brotherhood, etc. There is, too, a growing realization that no one of the three can do the work successfully alone. It can only be well done when church, and home, and school work together. If democracy is to survive, the citizens must think more carefully; choose more wisely; must learn to appreciate what freedom means, and costs. Stories can help tremendously.

These are stories that I have often used in my own clubs and classes with smaller children, and with young people. They can, I think, be used successfully in the character-building programs of our public schools; by Scout and Camp leaders; by teachers in the Church Schools; and by those wise parents who seek to inspire, and to discipline, the children in the home by the use of stories. I have punctuated them as I personally tell them, which is often quite different from the system used in the story which is written for reading, only. Little pauses, or rests, may change the emphasis entirely as a story is told to children.

The index will, I hope, make the book usable in many ways in the average class or club.

Hyde Park, Mass.

MARGARET EGGLESTON OWEN

FORTY STORIES
FOR THE
CHURCH, SCHOOL AND HOME



A CUP OF COLD WATER

THERE was a buzz of disgruntled voices in the little station not far from Paris on one hot July day, for a group of twenty tourists had just found that, due to the delay in stamping their passports at the border, they had missed the fast train, and had nearly two hours to wait in the dingy, dirty, barren station. Fortunately, they had a lunch which had been given them at the hotel in the morning, but what could they do in the heat and discomfort for two long hours? Some sat down to try to read; others started to walk about the town.

One other person was waiting in the station for a train. She was an elderly woman, and looked very tired and worn. Her badly-fitting black dress was bronzed from age. Her shoes were broad, and much coarser than any worn by the other women in the station. Evidently she was a peasant, for her hands were rough and dark. As the noisy tourists talked together, she glanced up at them; then she dropped her eyes and her shoulders again, as though too weary to care what they thought, or how long she had to wait.

The Americans looked at her curiously at first, but she held nothing of interest for them, so they just ignored her as they went back and forth from platform to waiting-room; that is, all ignored her save one girl of fifteen, Nan Wood.

Nan was curious about her. She had looked squarely into the woman's face when she first came into the room, and there was something about it that Nan liked, though

she couldn't have told why. She wondered if the woman had had any lunch. She wished she knew what she did to get her hands so dark and rough. She determined to stay in the depot and try to get a chance to talk to her, if the woman could speak English, for Nan's French was not easily understood. Nan had always liked elderly people; she wanted to help this tired traveler.

The woman seemed to sleep, so Nan pulled a book from her suitcase and began to read. Once when the woman groaned, the girl jumped to her feet, but the other made no sign that she needed help. Ten minutes passed; then the woman made a deep moan and seemed about to fall to the floor. Nan quickly ran to her.

"You are ill," she said in broken French. "Let me help you."

"Water," whispered the woman. "I need water. I am so tired, and so thirsty."

Nan made a pile of coats and helped her to lie down on the seat; then she ran for a collapsible cup which was in her handbag, and she filled it with water from a thermos bottle belonging to one of the tourists.

"Drink this," she said kindly. "This will make you feel better." Eagerly the woman emptied the cup, and Nan refilled it for her. With a beautiful smile, the woman closed her eyes and seemed to sleep again.

Nan felt uneasy. Perhaps the woman was really ill. Finally she ran to the grass plot across the tracks where one of the party was sitting under a tree. She told her about the woman and what she had done.

"I'm alone in there with her," said the girl. "I wish someone else were with me."

"I saw her when I was in the waiting-room," said the American tourist. "She's only a peasant. She's used to being tired. I'll be right here if you need me, but I don't

want to sit in that hot, dirty room if I don't have to be there."

Nan went back and sat beside the silent woman until a train whistled in the distance, rousing her.

"That is my train," she said, trying to stand. Her face was very white, and her hand was shaking.

"Can you get home all right?" asked the girl, anxiously.

"It is not far. I am only tired," said the woman. "You have been kind. Thank you."

Nan helped her to pick up her things, and then she carried her box to the platform. Several of the other Americans were there, glad to break the monotony by watching the way train leave its passengers.

"Tell me your name," said the woman, as Nan handed her the box. "Where do you live?"

"My name is Nan Wood," replied the girl. "My home is in Chicago. And yours?"

The woman had already mounted the steps of the train but she turned, smiled wearily, and answered,

"Marie Curie. Goodbye, and thank you."

"Marie Curie!" gasped the woman who had been reading in the yard.

"Marie Curie!" echoed the young physician who stood with the group.

"Madame Curie, the scientist!" whispered the girl to herself as she turned quickly to re-enter the station. "The one famous woman, above all others, whom I have wished to see! And I gave her a cup of cold water, only!" She folded the little cup and placed it thoughtfully in her bag again.

"How I shall treasure that cup!" she said. "I shall always keep it. What a wonderful day this has been! I have seen, and helped, Madame Curie, discoverer of radium."



A NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN VISIT

AS I left the schoolroom, the teacher handed me a note, saying,

"Take this note home to your father. Tell him I want to see him."

I knew what that meant. I had been fooling in school, for when my lessons were done, I seemed to have nothing else to do. Father would look disappointed, and probably I would be punished in some way. Life that day seemed hard to a girl of ten. I took the note home, and, to my joy, found that company had come for dinner; that meant I wouldn't have to talk it over with father until after supper. I hurried off again to school after putting the note on his desk.

"This doesn't look good to me," he said that night. "You get your lessons, and then you bother the rest. I thought at first that I would take away your playtime for a week, but I have changed my mind. In a few weeks I am going away for two days to see a man whom you would like; one whom you would remember all your life. If your conduct marks are good, you may go with me; if not, I will take one of the other children."

Of course I behaved, for I was always thrilled with the thought of a trip with father, so one bright, spring morning we took the old horse and wagon and drove most of the day. We stayed all night at a farmhouse, and about ten the next morning took a narrow, stony road leading up into the hills. Suddenly I saw a man dressed in overalls that had been patched before and behind with

cloth of another color. He was unshaven and barefooted. In one hand he held a skinned woodchuck; in the other bloody hand he held the skin.

"Ugh!" I said, drawing closer to father. "What a horrid hired man! See that poor little animal."

"Sh-h-h," replied father, pulling to one side of the road. "That isn't a hired man. That is the one we have come so far to see. He is visiting his father here."

"I don't like him. I want to go back home," I said, ready to cry, but father was already out of the wagon and hurrying toward the man.

"Good morning, John," he cried. "You see I have done as I said I would. This is my daughter who likes to tell stories." Turning to me he said,

"And this is my friend, John Burroughs."

John Burroughs! How could that be? Father had told me about that farmhouse in Roxbury. He had read to me parts of John Burroughs' books as he sat on a bench and watched me weed in the garden, and I had loved to see nature through Burroughs' eyes. How could this dirty man be John Burroughs? I shook his hand with regret, and I trudged along behind the men as they put the horse in the barn; then I dangled my feet from the veranda and wished I were home.

Father hadn't been well that spring, and he was tired from the long drive, so when John Burroughs suggested that he take a nap, father was glad. Holding out his hand to me, John Burroughs said,

"We'll take a walk, and I'll show you some wonderful things. Our woods are full of them." And so they were. We found the hepaticas hidden back of the pine grove; we climbed the tree to see the two eggs of the bluebird; we saw some baby fish in the brook. We fed the chipmunk with nuts from his pocket. We found a woodchuck com-

ing out of his hole, and John Burroughs explained to me why he had to get rid of them, and how much he needed the skins to use in the winter. By the time we were tired, and ready to sit on a rock in the pasture, I had lost my heart completely to my father's friend.

"Let's sit here and play a game," he said. "Just inside the barn door is something that has a tail. What do you think it is?"

I suggested a chicken, a cow, a horse, a cat, and a dog, but he said no; so we went to see, and there was a wild rabbit in a box. As we stood watching it eat, he told me many things about its habits. Then I said,

"In our wagon there is something that is warm. What is it?" He couldn't guess the right thing, so we pulled back the robe on the seat of the wagon, and there was a baked potato which the farmer's wife had given me to keep my hands warm when we started very early that morning. Then how he did laugh!

"Some folks see only with their eyes," he said to me. "They should look so carefully that they can see those same things clearly with their memory; maybe write them down years afterward, just as I do every day. A few people see with their imagination, and that is the most fun of all. Now down under that pine tree we can find something interesting, I'm sure. Let's go and hunt until we find it. I will hunt for something that moves, and you hunt for something that smells." He found an angle worm, and I found a violet. Such a wonderful two hours as I spent that day!

Years later I went back to that old farm in Roxbury, New York; saw the memorial erected to John Burroughs in that field; read the inscription upon it, "I stand amid eternal ways," and lived over again, in memory, that afternoon with John Burroughs; the afternoon that came

to me because my father decided to reward me for good work, rather than to punish me for bad conduct.

Woodchuck Lodge, his retreat, was there where an old house had been, and, near it, the old barn where he had chosen in his later years to be alone and write; where the wild animals and birds could go in and out, at will. As I saw and felt the simplicity, the quietness, the beauty of the Lodge and the surrounding fields and hills, I remembered the lines that he had written in the guest-book of a friend, in whose home he had liked to visit:

"I come here to find myself. The world is so big that I am lost in it."

John Burroughs found happiness, and inspiration, and challenge in the out-of-doors, and in one short visit, he taught me to find them, too.

He still wore the patched overalls when we left that afternoon. His hands were still dirty, for he had been digging some roots for me. He was still unshaven, and his hair was blowing in the wind, but I didn't see the overalls, or the hands, or the hair. I saw only his eyes, full of smiles, full of friendliness, as he said to me,

"Come again! Come again! You and I would be good friends."

He was no longer "Father's friend." He was my friend, John Burroughs, and I hated to leave him there in the road. I went home determined to read his books as fast as he wrote them, and to try to learn nature's secrets so that I could tell to others wonderful things such as he had told me.

And that is how John Burroughs became one of my favorite authors.



THE YOKE THAT WAS EASY

A FRIEND, traveling in the western part of our country, wrote me a few years ago of a visit she had made to a small museum where there was a collection of odd things that had been left behind when families hurried off to find gold in Alaska. There were cooking utensils that had been used in covered wagons in treks across the United States. There were trundle beds, and home-made jars and dishes. Near the door of the museum she saw a yoke, such as was used by slaves, and sometimes by white men, in carrying heavy pails or loads. And this is the story of the yoke told my friend by one of the villagers who was taking her through the museum:

Old Tom was a slave who had come from the East with a white man. He blacked his shoes; cooked his food, if necessary; mended his clothes; and waited on him all day, and every day. Old Tom's life was not an easy one, for the white man was often thoughtless and selfish.

One day his master came to Tom, saying,
"Uncle Tom, would you like to be free?"

"Deed, I would, Marse Jim," said the slave. "I like mighty well ter be free."

"Well," said the white man, "you want to be free, and I want to be rich. You may go up into the mines and work. If you find gold, and bring me a thousand dollars, I will set you free."

The slave accepted the offer gladly. He was a good worker, but he had a black face, and it was almost impossible for him to get a thousand dollars. He was easily

cheated, and his money was stolen several times. He washed dirt, day after day, through sieves, standing in the deep water. It was hard work, and he was very lonely, but he stayed right there. Finally, after almost three years, he came back with a thousand dollars.

His master took the gold and counted it. Instead of keeping his promise to the faithful black man, he said to him :

“Slaves cost more now than they did when I made you that promise. It took you too long to get this money. I shall have to have a thousand dollars more before I can free you.”

At first Old Tom was sick with disappointment. His joints were stiff with rheumatism, and he had no money with which to get back to the mine, but he still wanted to be free. He went back; he worked hard; and all the while he planned what he would do with the freedom that was so difficult to earn. Had it not been for his dream, he would surely have been most unhappy.

Now the people of the town had heard of the mean trick that had been played on Old Tom. They were determined that if he came back with more gold, he should have his freedom. So, when some of his friends saw the slave in town, and heard him say that he had brought the money, they went to the judge and insisted that the papers should be drawn up ready for signature. A few weeks later Old Tom was free, and his master, who still had refused him his freedom, had left the town.

First Old Tom built a little cabin on the hillside, for he wanted to live near the folks who had been so good to him. When that was done, he wanted to show his appreciation of their kindness. He had no money; perhaps he never would have more than enough just to pay for his

food and clothes. At last he thought of a novel way to say "thank you."

At the foot of the hill where he lived, there was a spring of clear, cool water. Each morning Old Tom would put his yoke about his neck, with a pail fastened at each end. He would walk down the steep hill, fill the pails with water, and then slowly climb again to his home. One of the pails would be left close to the main road, so that any tired, hot traveler could have a cool, refreshing drink. The second pail would be carried into the house for use in the kitchen. By the side of the road was a trough for horses and smaller animals. This was filled with the water that was left in the roadside pail whenever Old Tom made another trip to the spring. Sometimes, in the summer, he would go several times a day and bring up the cool water.

Old Tom lived in that western town for many years, loved and respected by all, but especially by the children. They begged him for stories; for rides on his back; even for rides in his water pails, and Old Tom always found something to amuse them. When he died, the people of the town took his old yoke to the museum to be a constant reminder of their old black friend who had found his yoke easy and his burden light as he showed his appreciation of the kindness that had been shown to him.



I WILL TRY

GREAT breakers were piling high on Lake Michigan, and the wind was blowing a gale on September 8, 1860, when word came to a little college town, Evanston, that the *Lady Elgin* had been wrecked on the rocks and her passengers and crew were fighting for their lives in the water.

In a small college, now known as Northwestern University, two young farmer lads from Iowa were sitting in their room studying when the call came for help. Will and Ed Spencer were both strong and husky; they were used to hard work, so they were asked to hurry at once to the shore with the men from the village.

Ed Spencer was a strong swimmer and had already made a name for himself in contests which had been held in his state. When he and his brother reached the shore opposite the wreck, great planks, and spars, and bits of furniture and clothing were already drifting in shore. Men and women could be seen off shore holding to wreckage, and their voices were heard calling for help.

"I'll go right out and help," said Ed Spencer to his brother in an undertone. "Get a rope. You hold the rope, and I'll bring them in."

He threw off his coat and shoes, tied a rope, which had been brought by firemen, around his waist, and plunged into the heavy breakers. Soon he reached the wreck and grasped a woman. He gave the signal and was pulled ashore, going immediately back again. Another, and another, and another he reached until ten men, women and

children had been helped ashore. By that time he was exhausted. He crawled over to the fire on the beach, shivering, tired, and cold. For a moment he hid his face in prayer; then he raised it, full of purpose again.

"Many more are there—more than the boats can possibly get. I will go back," he said.

"But you mustn't go back," cried Will, alarmed by the look on his brother's face. "You may lose your own life if you do."

"I must go," he said. "I saw a mother out there holding a little child. I will try."

Eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen. Then they carried him again to the fire, seemingly in a semi-conscious state. His brother rubbed his hands; gave him something hot to drink; commended his bravery. Finally Ed sat up so that a blanket could be wrapped about him.

"See!" he cried. "See that man's head near that spar! He is drifting into sure death. He must be too much exhausted to turn himself about. No," he cried, as he scanned the sea, "he is trying to save a woman. I must help him!"

This time his friends held him down; begged him not to go.

"You can't do any good," they said. "You haven't strength enough to get there."

"I will try," he said simply. "There are two lives to save out there. I am only one. I must go."

So Ed Spencer went again into the water. It was torture to try to swim, because of the pressure in his lungs, so he used his feet as much as he could. He reached the spar, turned it about, fastened the rope, helped the man to get a better hold, and then began pushing it toward the shore while his friends pulled frantically, fearing lest one of the three should lose his grip and be lost.

Even before he left the water, Ed had fallen, every bit

of strength gone, and they carried him back to his little college room in great pain and weakness. His brother sat down by the fireplace to wait, and watch, and fear what the outcome might be. Hearing a stir, he went to the bed. The great eyes of his brother were turned toward the fire.

"Will," he said in a whisper, "do you think I did my best?"

"You saved seventeen," said his brother. "Of course you did your best. You were a hero, Ed."

"I know. I know," interrupted the boy. "I know I saved seventeen, but there were more that I didn't save. I'm afraid I didn't do my very best. I wanted to try again."

Days of delirium followed; then days of pain, and weakness, and suffering. Over and over he would ask the same question,

"Did I do my best? my very best? I wanted to try again."

He was never strong again. His plans for an active life in the Christian ministry had to be given up. His whole life was altered by that storm on Lake Michigan, yet there was one thing that his friends knew did not change. He was still saying, when an old man,

"Did I do my best that time? I will try. I want to try again."



THE LITTLE LAME DUCK

QUACK, quack," cried the ducks, as they waddled over the steep side of the country road one hot July morning. "Quack, quack. We've had a fine swim, and now we are ready for our breakfast."

One after another they rested in the green grass beside the road until eleven ducks were there. They were all gray ducks with long shining necks. Their little black eyes had a rim of white about them, and every wing was tipped with a beautiful spot of blue. That blue spot made them different from any other ducks that went for a swim in the pond. They were very proud of their good looks, so they held their heads high as they waited for a big black car to go by, scattering dust on their clean, pretty feathers.

"Quack, quack," cried the ducks, shaking themselves, and lining up like soldiers to cross the road.

"Quack, quack," said a very hoarse little voice. "Wait for me!"

It was Trixie, the smallest duck of all. Trixie was a smart little duck, but she hadn't been smart enough to get out of the way of an automobile the week before, so it had hit her. She was still lame and uncomfortable in her bruised wing and leg. This was the first time she had tried to go down to the pond for a swim since she was hurt, and it had been very, very hard work to get up the hill again. She rolled right over and over in the grass, shutting her eyes as though she were going to sleep. She was so tired.

"Quack, quack," cried the biggest duck, named Tim.

"Come along. We must hurry." So the line of ducks started across the dusty road.

Trixie opened her eyes a little.

"Oh dear," she said to herself, "I wish they would wait a minute. I'm not going to be left behind, though." And she waddled after them as fast as she could go. Before she reached the middle of the road, she passed the duck just ahead of her, and the duck pecked at her. She passed another one that hissed and ruffled her feathers, for ducks never like to be passed when they are waddling in line. On she went, though her leg was hurting her, until she came to a big pile of dirt that had been left by a road machine.

"Quack, quack," said big Tim, flying to the top of the pile. "Quack, quack," said one and another, following Tim. It was fun to fly so high.

Trixie thought she might also fly, but her wing hurt so badly that she had to drop back into the road. She tried to climb up the pile, but the dirt slipped down, and Trixie went with it into the road. Dear, dear, all the rest had gone and left her! Four times she had to try before she reached the lawn at the top of the bank.

Now it had rained the night before. The sun was warm, and so there were many fat bugs and worms on the grass. Ducks like bugs, so they were all eating as they waddled toward the wood-shed where they knew they would be fed their breakfast. Trixie lifted her head and looked around.

"Quack, quack," she said to herself. "I'm not going to eat any bugs this morning, even if I am hungry. I am going to lead the line into the shed. I'll get ahead while they eat."

She passed one duck, and then another, and they made strange noises when they saw what she was doing. They hissed at her; pecked at her; they left their bugs and

started after her. Trixie just kept her little bead eyes on the hole in the wood-shed door through which she wanted to go. Her short legs were going very fast.

"I won't be the last today," she whispered. "I just won't stay at the end of the line any longer. I don't like the end of the line."

"Quack, quack," cried big Tim, angrily, but she pushed him aside and went into the shed. She was first—the very first of the twelve ducks. She had led the line, just as she had done so many times before she was hurt. Trixie crossed the shed and huddled in a corner. She was so tired; she had never been so tired before. Then the door opened, and there was Grandma with her pan of corn.

"Hurrah for Trixie!" called Grandma, as she came down the steps into the shed. "Hurrah for Trixie! You're a plucky little duck, Trixie. I was watching you from the window. You're bound to be a leader, aren't you, even when you are lame?" and she bent down to pat the little lame duck that she liked so well. Then she put a small pile of corn right in front of Trixie, so that she wouldn't have to scramble for it with the rest. After Trixie had been fed, Grandma scattered corn about the shed for the rest of the ducks.

Trixie ate a little, and then she rested a little. When she raised her head, Grandma was still there. Trixie blinked her little bead eyes at Grandma and cocked her pretty head, as much as to say, "It's great fun to lead a line, isn't it? Now I'm going to sleep." So she tucked her head under her wing and slept, while the rest of the ducks went out to finish their meal on bugs; perhaps they called it their dessert. I don't know.



A BAG OF BONES AND A SNAKE

DALLAS LORE SHARP, the naturalist and author, was also a Professor in the English Department of Boston University, and a most inspiring teacher he was. One day, after class, I asked him how he began his work as an author and naturalist.

"That's a long tale," he replied. "Some day I will tell it to the class." A week later he told us the following stories.

When Dr. Sharp was twelve years old, he chanced to read a description of Gilbert White's English classic, *Natural History of Selbourne*. The boy was tremendously interested. He tried to borrow the two volumes, but no one owned them; no one seemed to know where they could be obtained. One day, when he was weeding a tuberosé garden for a wealthy man, he asked him about the books, and the man offered to try to find them when he went again to Philadelphia on business.

Dallas waited anxiously, and was disappointed to find the man had been unable to borrow the books. He had, however, found a bookseller's guide which offered second-hand copies for fifteen cents a volume.

Now the boy's parents were very poor. They were Quakers living on a small farm in New Jersey and had no money at all to waste on books. Dallas thought of many ways to earn the thirty cents needed for the books. He finally decided to collect bones on his father's farm, even digging up buried animals, if necessary. It was slow work, and unpleasant work, but when the bone-man came around,

he placed three shining dimes in the boy's hand for the bones collected.

"I have never felt so rich since," said Dr. Sharp, "nor have I ever been so thrilled at the sight of money. Those three dimes would buy all that I most desired to have. I was the happiest boy in the county. I could have the precious books."

Without telling any one, he sent the money to the address given him by his friend, and he bought two English classics, thus laying the foundation for his large, justly-famous nature library of later years. He read those two books over and over until he knew them almost by heart, and every day he hunted in the fields and woods near his home to find things like those Gilbert White described so vividly.

"Twenty years later I published my first book, *Wild Life Near Home*," said Dr. Sharp. "It was like that first treasured book, and many interesting things that I described in my book I found while verifying the things I had read in *Natural History of Selbourne*, when I was twelve years old. A bag of bones started me as a naturalist. I had discovered the world about me, and how it could be compressed within the two covers of a book."

Two years later, when he had finished the meagre, small school near his home, he was sent to an academy where he was to be a boarding student. A pretty, young teacher was employed to teach a class in botany. On the first day, when she had finished all that she had prepared, not knowing what else to do, she read to the class the life-history of the mistletoe. Dallas was interested and began to ask questions; questions that she couldn't answer.

"Could I find some around here?" he asked. "I know where there are big gum trees."

"If there are big gum trees, mistletoe ought to grow

in this state along the brooks," she said. "Go and find some. Be the first to bring it in."

"And I will," said the boy, as he left the school room. "I will be the first to know where it grows."

He searched the swamps, the brooks, the gum trees, learning more botany than any teacher would have taught him in a year. He brought leaves, and bark, and roots, and flowers to that pretty teacher, but no mistletoe. After many months had gone by, and he had almost given up hope, he saw something far out in the swamp that looked suspicious. He made his way with great difficulty over one and another big limb; then over a great lump on another tree, caused, perhaps, by an insect bore. He tore his clothes, spoiled his shoes, and hurt his hands, but at last he touched that for which he had searched so long—a bunch of mistletoe.

Oh, how thrilled he was! He had been an explorer. He could go back to school and be the very first to be able to say where mistletoe could be found in the state. He had learned "the thrill of discovering a common, ordinary thing in a hidden place."

"This," said Dr. Sharp with great emphasis, "was the greatest adventure of my life. I carried a little of that mistletoe back to school and gave it to my teacher, and I went out of that class room determined to search among common things to find nature's secrets."

When Dallas was sixteen, he was asked to help in arranging a museum collection which had been given to the school. One day, when he was alone in the room, he saw a little old man come in. He knew at once that it must be Professor Jenks of Brown who had given the collection to the school. Now the boy had never seen an author, but he had studied the text-book that Professor Jenks had written. He had been told that Mr. Jenks was a friend of

the great Agassiz, so Dallas felt awed in the presence of such a famous man. He heard one foot of the man dragging as he came across the floor, and he remembered that that injury had come from arsenic poisoning while mounting specimens. By the time Professor Jenks reached his side, the boy was too full of emotion to speak.

After watching Dallas a while, Professor Jenks took a knife and taught the boy how to skin and mount a bird. Opening the gizzard, he showed Dallas what a good friend the bird had been to the orchardist.

"Nothing is mean or common. Nothing is useless; not even a sparrow. All God's creations are wonderful when you know their secrets," he said, after an hour with the boy. "Remember it, always."

"When he had gone," said Dr. Sharp, "I knew that I could never be the same, or think the same. I wanted to be like him. I wanted to know what he knew. I wanted to teach boys and girls, as he had taught me, to understand and reverence all things that God had made. For days I felt the thrill and the awe of having been with him."

Dallas was in his eighteenth year, and was to graduate from the Academy; that is, he was to graduate if he were not late again during the term. His desire to see and understand things had made him late far more times than the law allowed. One beautiful morning, as he was hurrying to school, he saw a king snake playing with a garter snake which it had killed. Every white ring on its body seemed like ivory in the morning sun. It was a perfect specimen. Dallas picked it up. He was studying and admiring it when he heard a bell; the warning bell at school. What could he do? Leave the snake for which he had searched? Never!

He ran for his life, the snake wiggling and twisting in his hand to get free. He reached the school door just as

the last stroke of the bell sounded. He couldn't go in, and he couldn't go out, so he stood there with his snake, while the children squealed and pushed away from him. Soon the teacher came to him. She admired the beauty of the snake. She told Dallas that he could bring it into the room and tell the children what he knew about it; tell them why he wanted it, and where he had found it. When he had finished his story, she said,

"Write it out for your next theme, Dallas. You have told it well." The theme was written, and was read to the Assembly, to the consternation of the bashful boy; then, at the suggestion of his teacher, it was sent to the *Youth's Companion*.

"I watched the mail for days and weeks," said Dr. Sharp. "Finally I decided that the story must have been lost, since I had had no check, and no returned manuscript. But one wonderful day I found an envelope from the *Youth's Companion* near my plate at dinner time. I was so excited that I could hardly get it open, and when a check for ten dollars dropped out, I was so thrilled that I let out a yell that must have been heard to the end of the block. Ten whole dollars! All mine! All paid me for one little story about a snake! How easy it must be to earn a living by writing!"

Well, he began to write and send articles to the *Youth's Companion*. When fifteen had been returned in short order, the youth decided that one not only had to know interesting things, but also had to know how to put them down in an interesting way before checks came regularly.

"After many years," Dr. Sharp added, "I did become a regular contributor to the *Youth's Companion*. For twenty years I have averaged an article a month in some magazine. Twenty of my books have been written about

nature, so you see that king snake really did do great things for me."

Dr. Sharp's eyes were filled with a merry twinkle as he turned to the blackboard and wrote:

"I—Two volumes of English classics, bought with a
bag of bones,

plus

II—A bunch of mistletoe found in a swamp,

plus

III—An hour with a really great author and teacher,

plus

IV—The capture of a snake, and an understanding
teacher,

plus

V—The sale of a manuscript for ten dollars,
and lo! Dallas Lore Sharp was headed for life."



ONE LITTLE MATCH

A GROUP of high school young people sat on a cliff at the very top of a mountain in one of the eastern states. It had been a long, hard climb, and they were very weary. They had expected to see great forests, green meadows, and blue lakes as far as they could see. Instead, to the north, they saw miles of blackened earth with bare, black tree stumps poking their heads up everywhere. A new growth of green had started, but the sight of the devastation awed the young folks.

"I wonder how such a fire started," said one of the boys. "I wish I knew."

"I can tell you," said the forest ranger, coming up behind the group. "I've been watching you climb for nearly an hour, hoping that you would remember how dry the woods are, and how dangerous even a small fire might be." He sat down on the rock.

"That fire gave four hundred men hard work, both day and night, until they were exhausted," he said. "It took the lives of six men, and many others were ill from the strain. Six villages were threatened, so the men worked with every ounce of strength they had."

"How did it start?" "Who has to pay for it?" "How long will it take the forest to grow again?" The questions came from every side of the ranger. With a laugh at their eagerness, he replied,

"It will be a hundred years, if ever, before the land is as it was before. Who pays for it? Every man who owned an acre of that timber land lost it. He will get no pay for

it. Every man, woman, and child in this county will pay taxes for years to help restore it. How did it start? Well, a boy started it."

"A boy!" burst spontaneously from the group.

"A boy!" repeated the ranger. "Roger thought he would like to burn a caterpillar's nest out of his father's cherry tree while all the grown folks were away. He meant no harm. He had often seen his father burn them. He thought he could do it just as his father did. The trouble was that he didn't think how dangerous a very little fire might be in dry weather."

"Did he drop the match into the dry grass?" asked Bill, so eager to hear the story that he could hardly wait for the slow, easy-going ranger.

"No, indeed," said the ranger. "He lit the match and held it under the nest, thinking that if any bits of flame fell to the ground under the tree, the rocks and stones there would render them harmless. But the unexpected happens, just as it so often does when young people try stunts. One burning worm, out of hundreds in the nest, flopped clear into the grass. It set only one little blade of grass on fire, but that blade of grass set several others on fire. If the boy had been watching as carefully as his father always does, he could have put his foot on that first blade of grass, and all those acres of spruce, and pine, and fir would have been standing today. He wasn't looking, so the fire spread. When he turned to see what the crackling behind him might be, he was powerless to put out the fire he had started."

"Did he get burned?" asked Bill.

"Not badly," replied the ranger, "but his father lost his house, his barn, his stock, and all his standing timber. You see the wind was blowing, so the fire went on and on for days that seemed endless to me, and to the men

who were fighting it. It was an expensive way to get rid of a worm's nest."

"Wouldn't his father have let him burn it, if he had been at home?" asked Kate.

"Probably," said the ranger, "but Roger usually thought his father old-fashioned. He thought he was big enough to do what he wanted to do just when he wanted to do it. So he used one match, and did ALL THAT," said the ranger, waving his hand. "You can see that devastation with your eyes, but you can't see all the suffering, and poverty, and heartache that that match caused. That would be much, much bigger than what you see with your eyes."

The ranger sat silent for a little while, and no young person seemed to want to ask him a question. Finally he turned to go, saying, as he left them,

"You see, boys, I know a lot about the heartache. We lived down there. My brother was one of the men who was critically burned, and my father has been sick ever since, so when I look at that burned place, I wish that one little match had never, never been used to burn out a worm's nest."

The ranger went down the hill a rod or more to his cabin, and the young folks began their lunch.

"Guess the thing we will remember longest from this mountain trip is the ranger's story," said Bill. "'Put your foot on a fire while you have time.' That's a good thing to remember."



TEDDY'S CHOICE

TEDDY was a small, freckle-faced boy whose father kept a butcher shop on a narrow, side street in New York City. He was a pale, thin lad, and was often obliged to stay in bed and rest. He seemed to want to sit in a big chair by the window, rather than to join the boys at play, as the doctor had told him to do. Nothing was really interesting to Teddy.

One day, when his father came home from work, he walked up to Teddy, saying, "See what you can find in my pocket. Whatever is there is yours." Teddy reached into the great, deep pocket and brought out a tiny little dog, so young that it could scarcely walk, and it had to be fed from a bottle. It was only a mongrel dog, and it was really homely, both in shape and color, but Teddy thought it was wonderful. He begged to take it in a basket to sleep in his room from the very first night, and that was the end of lonely nights for Teddy.

At first he had to do many things for the little fellow, but plenty of milk, and fine bones from Teddy's father's shop soon made Tobe grow into a sizable dog, the best friend a boy ever had. He romped with Teddy, and made the color come into his cheeks and the strength into his muscles. He kept Teddy out of doors, and that brought long nights of sleep. Once he even saved Teddy's life when the boy fell off the dock into deep water. So Teddy's father and mother loved Tobe, too.

One day when Teddy came home from school, Tobe had disappeared. Teddy looked on the veranda, where

Tobe usually slept while waiting for him, but the dog wasn't there. He ran to the neighbors; he walked up and down the street calling Tobe; finally he went to the police station asking the policemen to help him find his play-fellow. Teddy cried himself to sleep, and many times in the night his mother heard him call,

"Tobe! Tobe! I want my Tobe."

The weeks went by and then the months, but still there was no word of the whereabouts of the little mongrel dog. Teddy grew pale again and refused to play. The doctor came more often than he had done. Teddy begged to be excused from his lessons. He didn't go to sleep when he went to bed, and he was restless after he went to sleep.

Teddy's father offered to buy him another dog, thinking that he might forget Tobe if he learned to love another.

"No other dog would do," answered Teddy, shaking his head and wiping his eyes. "I just want Tobe. And Tobe wants me, too," he added. "I know Tobe is lonesome at night."

At last Teddy's mother put a notice in the paper that she would pay a reward to any one who could tell her any thing about Teddy's dog. She described him carefully, and said Teddy was making himself sick grieving for Tobe.

A few days later a big, new automobile stopped before the butcher-shop, and a well-dressed man stepped out, followed by a chauffeur. He knocked at the door of the house in the same yard. Teddy didn't pay a bit of attention when his mother opened the door and asked the man what he wanted; but Teddy did pay attention when he heard two or three short, quick barks on the veranda.

"Tobe! Tobe!" called Teddy, rushing past his mother. "I know I heard Tobe bark." There was another sharp

bark, and then a dog jumped into the arms of the boy. Toby whined and Teddy cried—both for joy.

"I'm afraid that's your dog all right," said the man. "I almost hoped it mightn't be."

"Where did you get him?" asked Teddy's father.

"I found him wandering along the beach weeks and weeks ago," said the man. "He was tired, and thin, and dirty. He had a bad sore on his neck. Guess he'd been tied up somewhere. Anyway I took him home and cleaned him up, and I gave him to my little boy."

"And why have you brought him here now?" asked Teddy's mother.

"I saw your notice in the paper, and I thought the description fitted the dog that I had found. So, here he is. I'd like to buy him, if I may. I'll give you a hundred dollars for the dog."

"A hundred dollars!" echoed both the parents of the boy. "A hundred dollars!" and they looked at each other. A hundred dollars would buy many things they needed.

"He's only a mongrel dog. He isn't worth that much," said the father. "Anyway, he's not for sale. He belongs to our little fellow there, and we would rather have him happy and well than to have a hundred dollars."

"I'll give you two hundred dollars," said the man.

"Please don't offer us money," begged Teddy's mother. "We are poor, but not so poor that we would sell Teddy's dog." Just then Teddy listened in.

"No, sir," he cried, "Tobe isn't for sale. I wouldn't sell him for a million dollars," and he patted the homely face that was nestled under his arm.

The visitor motioned the chauffeur to go, and then he sat down wearily in a chair near him. He suddenly seemed old and tired.

"I'm sorry you can't sell him," he said. "You see, it's

like this. I've a little sick boy, too. He's very, very sick. He's learned to love this little dog. He's had it on his bed all day long. He's eaten his meals with the dog looking on, and he's been better since I found the pup. Now the doctor wants him to have the dog. I'll pay you anything you ask if you'll just let me have him for my sick boy."

Teddy had crept closer, holding Tobe by his collar.

"Did your little boy know that you brought the dog back to me?" he asked, very slowly.

"Yes, he did," replied the man. "He told me to bring it back. He said the dog must be wanting to see you, and that the paper said you were going to be sick if the dog didn't come back."

"And will your little boy miss him very much?" asked Teddy.

"He kissed the dog goodbye, and then he cried as if his heart would break when I took him," said the man.

"Will that make your sick boy worse?" asked Teddy, looking anxiously at his mother and father.

"Very much worse, if he cries," was the reply. "That was why I wanted to buy the dog. I'll even give you three hundred dollars if you'll let me have him, Teddy. I'd gladly pay that amount to bring smiles to little John's face." Teddy sat very still, hugging Tobe. Finally he led the dog to the man, saying,

"I guess I'd like to have Tobe stay with your little sick boy until he gets better. I can wait, so long's I know where he is, and that he isn't cold or hungry."

"But my little boy isn't ever going to get well, sonny—never. Never. Thank you, but it wouldn't do." He took his hat and stumbled out of the door.

"Home," he said to the chauffeur, "I can't buy the dog, James. Poor little John! What can I do to make him happy?"

The motor began to hum just as Teddy rushed from the door, dragging Tobe behind him.

"Wait!" he cried. "Wait. Tobe wants to go with you. He liked your little boy, and he wants to go and play with him. I want him to go, too. I don't want your little sick John to be lonesome."

He pushed the dog into the car, choking back a sob as he slammed the door.

"That's wonderful!" said the man, reaching for his purse. Teddy straightened up as he saw what the man was doing.

"Tobe isn't for sale," he said. "You haven't money enough to buy him. Maybe, sir, I could come and see him once in a while. I'd like that; Tobe would like it, too, if I brought him a bone from our shop."

"And we would like it, too," said the man. "Visit Tobe whenever you like. We'll come after you when you want to come. You're a real hero, Teddy. Thank you for my little sick John."

As the car rolled away, Teddy's father stood looking at the card which the man had given to him—the card of one of the wealthy men of the city; but Teddy was looking at a homely little dog that was pushing his face against the back window of the car, trying to find out why he was being carried away from the boy with whom he wanted to be.



AN APOSTLE OF PEACE

THE newspapers printed in the cities on the west coast of the United States had long been heralding the coming of the great singer, Schumann-Heink, as soloist for the dedication of the lobby of the Sacramento Memorial Auditorium. Requests for tickets seemed never-ending. Soldiers who had learned to call her "Mother," when she sang for them and comforted them on the battle-fields of France, wanted to be sure to hear her. Young folks who were just beginning to sing wanted to go to listen, lest they never have an opportunity again. Parents, who had thrilled to her beautiful voice in opera years before, were eager that their children secure seats. It was to be a wonderful affair.

Schumann-Heink was to sing to the great audience, but a large chorus of children were to sing to Schumann-Heink. Just when the plans for the program seemed to be complete, protest arose because the committee had included Negro, Japanese, Chinese, Portugese, German, and Italian children, as well as American children, in the chorus.

"This is an American celebration," they said. "Why fill the seats with foreigners? If they must come and sing, let them go when they have finished their number. Surely it were better to sell the seats that the children's chorus must occupy!"

Schumann-Heink was told of the commotion caused by the plans of the committee. She was troubled that such a feeling could possibly exist in America, especially when

the soldiers whom she had loved and served had been Negro, and Japanese, and Chinese, and Portugese, and German, and Italian soldiers, by birth. Sending for the chairman, she said,

"Of course I want the children there. I love to hear them sing. I want them to hear me sing. Please let them be on the stage with me. They will help me to sing at my best." It was like the great singer to do such a kind thing, and who would refuse a request that she made?

So, when Schumann-Heink came on the stage, she met a sea of children's faces—black, and brown, and yellow, and white—all full of wonder at being so close to such a grand lady, and all full of happiness that she had wanted them close to her.

Schumann-Heink smiled one of those beautiful smiles for which she has been noted. She bowed to the great audience; then she turned her back upon the people in the seats, and she sang a wonderful, tender mother's lullaby for the children. It was not one of the songs on the program; it was her special gift to those little children with faces that were black, and brown, and yellow, and white.

How they cheered and clapped! Every little child would remember her always with love and pleasure. Then, while she stood and watched them, her face filled with happiness, they sang to her, "The Star-Spangled Banner," the song of the flag under which her sons had marched away to war. Schumann-Heink knew why they had been asked to sing it, and she thanked them.

Turning to the audience, the great singer, with eyes that were misty, said to the assembled multitude,

"Friends, there is no sweeter sound in the world than the sound of children's voices singing their praises to God, or their songs of loyalty to their country. The good God said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me.' He

didn't say, 'Suffer the white children to come unto Me.' The awful war is a thing of the past. I am a War Mother. I gave three sons to Uncle Sam, and one to the homeland over there. Two of those sons never came back. We War Mothers must teach our children the law of love. We must not make a difference between black, and white, and yellow, and brown skins. We must not make a difference in race or creed. We make war—through our children. We must teach them to love and to serve. Thank you for having them sing to me."

Then Schumann-Heink began the program for which she had been brought to Sacramento.



UNCLE ZACK

UNCLE ZACK lived all alone in his shack far up on a hillside near a New England village. From his tiny porch he could look far off to the distant mountains, or just below to the blue of a shimmering mountain lake. There were no beautiful things to see inside that shack, but there were glorious views everywhere outside.

Uncle Zack had been a town character for years. He did odd jobs for a living. Farmers shared their crops with him, gladly, and housewives furnished him with second-hand clothes and shoes. Adults liked him because of his dependability; boys loved him for his understanding, sympathy, and ready wit. Then, too, Uncle Zack always had a story to tell, so the children followed at his heels when he came to town. To them, he was, "Our Uncle Zack."

One day, several years ago, four of the teen-age boys of the village sat on the steps of Uncle Zack's cabin waiting for him to answer their question,

"Isn't it all right to take a drink once in a while? Our Dads say it's wrong. What do you say?"

Uncle Zack always seemed to take a long time to answer when a boy asked, "Is it right?" or "Is it wrong?" He sat still, chewing on a bit of grass, while the boys looked around and waited.

"See that big car over there, boys?" he said, pointing to the valley road. "That cost money! It runs good. It does just what it's expected to do. Its springs, and gears, and spark plugs all work together. If one thing should refuse to work with the rest, there would be trouble for the driver, and maybe for many other folks."

"Sure," said one of the boys. "I saw that wreck down by the mill. A wheel flew off when the man was driving fast. It was a bad one—five people hurt."

"Well," said Uncle Zack, pulling at his short whiskers, "you boys have asked me a big question. You see, boys, God gave you each a wonderful machine—your body. It's lots more wonderful than that machine down there. When your heart, and your lungs, and your brain, and your legs all work together, things go well. If one refuses, there's trouble ahead for you, and for lots of other folks. Isn't that so?"

The boys nodded, puzzled to see how this could be the answer to their question.

"Now I've found, boys," Uncle Zack continued, "by watching some men who have made wrecks of their body-machines, that when a man took a drink of liquor, some part of his body refused to work with the rest. It may be 'twas a muscle of his eye; or the muscles of his legs. Maybe it was his mind or his spirit that began to balk. When that man hit his wife last week, his spirit wasn't working right. I see men who can't walk straight, or think straight, or talk straight after they have had a drink or two."

"Like that man who was trying to hold up the telephone pole last night," suggested one of the boys, with a laugh.

"Well, boys," said Uncle Zack, "I decided long ago that when I owned a wonderful machine where everything worked together, it was foolish to do anything that would interfere with it. God expects us to use our bodies; not abuse them. If you want to make a real success of your life, you must keep your body, and your spirit, and your mind at their best. I'm not going to say that it's wrong to drink; but I am going to say that it's very foolish, and you had better leave it alone."

Two weeks later a machine driven by a drunken driver ran Uncle Zack down as he was crossing the road. His body was badly mangled, and in two days he was dead. Then the whole village mourned for the old man. The local papers told of his genial personality and his faithful service for others. When the body of the poor, lonely old man had been put on the train to be taken to his daughter's home, four boys might have been seen leaving the crowd along the track and going down behind an old barn in one of the meadows near the town. They watched the train until it rounded a curve; then one of the boys pulled a paper from his pocket and sat down, with the others before him. Each boy had a pencil.

"I'll read it over again, now that Uncle Zack's been taken away, and you see if it is just right," said Bert.

"We fellows loved Uncle Zack. He was always good to us. We want to mind him. We will never let liquor hurt our bodies, or our minds, or our spirits, like he said. We are going to do what he told us it was best to do." Signed—Bert

Tom

Alexander

George

.

The years have gone by. Those boys still live in the same county, but not in the same village. They have good homes and good families. One has been postmaster for years. All have held responsible positions. All are leaders in their village churches. Their neighbors would say, I am sure, that they had made a success of life.

Tom was recently elected to an important position in the state, where large sums of money would be in his care. At the dinner given in his honor, after his appointment,

he told this story of Uncle Zack. He told it, I suppose, because a man had laughingly remarked on the fact that his glass had been turned down when liquor had been served.

"Men," he said, in closing, "one of the greatest things we four boys ever did for our character development was to write and sign that pledge when Uncle Zack was taken away. It has helped us to become sober, industrious men. We have all been healthier, happier, and, probably, much wiser in building our personal lives than if we had not signed it—and kept it. I have learned from experience that Uncle Zack told the truth when he said,

"'If you want to make a real success of your life, you must keep your body, and your mind, and your spirit at their best. It is foolish to do that which will harm any one of the three, or keep them from working together.'"

"All honor to Uncle Zack," called a voice in the rear. "We will toast him with glasses of water."

"You three boys that signed that pledge with me come up here, then," said the guest of honor. "Let's show them who signed it."

So Tom, and Bert, and Alexander, and George stood together at that head table, and many in the audience who had known and loved Uncle Zack clapped their hands and wiped away tears at the same time as they gave this toast, proposed by Bert, who had written the pledge as a boy:

"Here's to Uncle Zack! May our own sons and daughters find a friend like him."



“THAT I WILL NOT DO”

BACK in the early days of the nineteenth century, four boys—James, John, Wesley, and Fletcher—lived with their parents on a farm out on Long Island, not far from Brooklyn, New York.

Theirs was a strict home. Things went by rule. The boys were to work hard, and without complaining. They were to tell the truth and be honest, habitually. Sunday was to be sacred, hence there was to be no secular reading and no games. They were expected to be at church on Sunday, and to do no work on that day. If punishment was deserved, it was given, usually by the mother. She kept an account of the habits and actions of the boys. On Saturday each boy was called to the attic; the account was read; and then the account was settled. The hardest punishment was not a whipping; it was a serious, but friendly, talk with the mother, or her prayer to God to help the boy correct his fault.

The mother in that home was a very sincere Christian woman who believed in the law of love, and that that law was the wisest thing to teach her boys. The father was a stern man, also very religious; he was always ready to hold to that which he thought right, no matter what the cost. He was kindly of heart, and ever willing to sacrifice for the sake of his family.

Barefooted, and often dressed in home-made clothes, the boys trudged back and forth to the country school a few months in the year, but at about sixteen, their schooling was over. Each boy was allowed to choose the trade

he wished to follow, and then he went from home to be apprenticed to a man who could teach him that trade. They had no money, and no political pull, to help them; far better, each boy did have a strong body and a sound character.

As boys, they gave little promise of ever being known far from their home town.

Yet in a very few years the name of those four boys was known wherever people of education and culture were to be found, and to this day their father's name is an honored and much publicized name because of the work the boys did, and the habits they had.

James was the oldest, so he was the first to leave home. He had been reading and enjoying the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin, and he chose to follow the same trade—that of printing; so his father took him to New York and apprenticed him to a printer there. In those days there were no power presses; everything had to be done by hand, two men working together on a press. James had strong muscles, and he was used to hard work, so he progressed rapidly and soon was known as an excellent workman. By the time he had finished his apprenticeship, John had also found a place in New York with a printer, and James began to help him to become efficient.

Now both these two boys had decided that some of the principles taught in their home were very much to be desired in the business world. They still dressed very simply; they saved their money for future needs, rather than spend it for pleasure. They had seen some of the great men of Methodism as guests in their own home, and they wanted to be courteous and refined, as those men were. They read good books, and tried to keep on growing mentally. They both determined that they would keep Sunday;

they would go to church, and they would not work on that day.

Because of this resolve, John had a hard decision to make. One Saturday afternoon his employer brought to him the catalogue of an auction sale which was to be held the following Monday.

"This must be ready for Monday morning," he said.

John took the list and scanned it. He knew at once that it could not be ready for Monday morning unless he worked on Sunday. He knew he was expected to get it ready. Handing it back, he said, quietly,

"I will work until midnight tonight, and I will do my best to get it done, but I cannot work tomorrow. It is Sunday."

"Then you will have to lose your place," said his employer. "The work has to be done."

"I will forfeit my papers," said the boy, "but I will not work on Sunday."

Picking up the list from the desk, John set to work on it. At twelve o'clock, midnight, he laid down his composing stick and went home, regardless of the threat of discharge. Monday morning he went to the office to see what had been decided.

"I was wrong, John," said Mr. Seymour. "I want you to stay. I should not have spoken to you as I did. I shall never ask you again to work on Sunday." And he didn't. A little later he made John foreman over one of the departments, showing his appreciation of good work and of self-control.

But John was not to stay in that printing establishment long. His brother James knew that he and his brother John were both good workmen. He believed that they could have an establishment of their own. So when the days of John's apprenticeship were over, the two broth-

ers, with the help of their father, founded a printing business. It was then called J. and J. Harper, but when the other two brothers also joined the firm, the name was changed to Harper & Brothers.

They had little money at first, but they were all strong, likable men with a reputation for honesty and thoroughness, and they were willing to work hard. Within ten years their firm was known all over the world, and the greatest authors were eager to have them publish their books. For fifty years those four brothers worked together in harmony, using those same principles that they had learned on the farm as boys. They followed their mother in making love and appreciation the basic principles of their business life. Like their father, they stood firm for what they thought was right. Sons and grandsons were taken into the firm, but James and John and Wesley and Fletcher were also there every day, with their reputation for honesty and good work still unsullied; with their appreciation of the need and value of Sunday unimpaired; with a growing desire to spread the best in literature into the homes, and schools, and communities of the world.

Theirs had been a really good boyhood home, for it had taught them, and also trained them, in those principles upon which their personal lives, and also their cooperative business concern, could be successfully built. Thus the great firm of Harper & Brothers was founded.



A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

NO ONE who lived in New England during the hurricane that swept over that section of the United States in 1938 will ever forget that awful afternoon when the steeples rocked, the chimneys fell, showering their bricks over the sidewalks, the trees went down like tenpins, and the rain came in torrents through broken windows or damaged roofs.

In one of the suburbs of Boston a little house that belonged to a working man was lifted from its foundation and dashed to the ground, torn apart as if it had been paper. For years the father and mother in that home had worked to pay for that house, denying themselves comforts that their neighbors thought necessary: a car, electric helpers, and even a radio. Now it had all gone in a moment, and without a cent of insurance against hurricane.

A neighbor had invited them in for the night, and then had loaned them a tent in which they could live until new quarters could be found. Kate's father had put it up where the garage had been. He had pulled aside some of the heavy boards in the wreckage of their home and had found bedding that could be used and utensils with which their supper could be prepared on the fire in the outside fireplace. He had dug some things from the garden for them to eat. So they were prepared for the night of the second day.

After supper Kate's mother held her tightly in her arms as darkness fell and told her a bedtime story, as usual.

She tried to show the little girl that even though their home was gone, they still had each other, and that was the most important thing after all. Then she tucked the little girl of eight into a bed on the floor of the tent, but Kate felt the tears on her mother's cheeks as she bent to kiss her good night.

Kate lay very still, wishing she could do something to help her mother, who was usually so cheery and smiling. Her father and mother were talking in low tones as they waited for the child to go to sleep. Suddenly Kate sat up in bed. She had heard her mother say,

"What can we do now, John? Who cares about us anyway? With so many people homeless, how can we expect anyone to care whether we live or die? It is of no use to try any more!"

Kate wanted to go to her mother, but she knew she ought to go to sleep. How could she help? Wouldn't they ever have a home again? Didn't anybody care whether they had things to eat or a home? She began to be afraid, and then to cry, so she dropped back into bed, shivering. Half an hour later, her mother heard a voice calling,

"Mother! Mother! Please come here. I want to tell you something."

"What is it, Kate?" asked her mother, bending over her. "Isn't your bed comfortable? You must go to sleep, dear, for this has been a long, hard day, and you are very tired. Kiss me again, and try to keep your eyes shut. Father and I are right here by the door of the tent. I won't leave you alone."

"Mother," said Kate, holding tight to her hand, "I heard you say that nobody cared. God cares, doesn't He?" Don't you remember that Mr. Hale said a few Sundays ago, 'When you need help, ask God; He cares for you.' Won't God take care of us?"

"Thank you, dear," said the mother, humbly, kissing the chubby cheek. "God does care. God will take care of us. Father and I will ask Him."

"And shall I ask Him, too?" asked the child. "Please kneel by my bed and ask Him now. I am afraid, mother."

Father had been listening. He came to that bed on the floor of the tent, and kneeled by the side of the child. Mother kneeled next to him; one hand in the hand of the child and the other in the hand of the man. One by one they prayed God to be their friend in their day of need. They thanked God for what they had, and they said they would trust Him in the days ahead.

As the child lay back in her bed on the floor, she smiled into the face of her parents, and said,

"I'm glad I was listening when Mr. Hale said in church that Sunday, 'God cares for you.' I can go to sleep now for God is big. He is stronger than the wind, isn't he, mother?"

Sitting a little apart from the tent; weeping as they looked at the wreck of their home; holding tight to each other's hand, Kate's parents looked into the starry heavens.

"'A little child shall lead them,' " whispered the father. "Thank God, we, too, can go to sleep trusting our Heavenly Father's care."



HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD

GEORGE found the bronze medal when he was looking through an old trunk which had belonged to his grandfather. On one side of the medal was a crown, with a wreath of victory and some Latin words. On the other side was his great-grandfather's name.

Rushing down the stairs, he called loudly,

"Mother! Mother! See what I have found in that old trunk in the attic. May I have it? It is just like the gold piece that grandfather had on his watch chain."

"And it is just like the bookplate which is in the front of every one of your father's books," replied his mother. "That is the coat of arms of your family, son."

"What does it mean? What do the words say?" he asked, eagerly.

"Those words in Latin mean, 'Myself Last,' " answered his mother, interested to see his questioning eyes and flushed face. "The crown means that when one of your family has really become unselfish, he will be crowned with happiness."

"And the wreath?" questioned the boy, without waiting for her to get her breath.

"The wreath means that when you have become really unselfish, you will have gained control over your own self, and will deserve a wreath of victory," replied his mother. "Your family is very proud of that coat of arms, and of that medal which was given to your great-grandfather for distinguished service for his country."

"Could I have it for my very own now grandfather isn't here any more?" asked George.

"Ask your father," said his mother. "I'm afraid you'll have to wait awhile. It belongs to your father now."

The boy sat for awhile turning the medal over and over in his hands.

"What does 'Myself Last' mean, mother?" he said after a time.

"Your great-grandfather, George, was a missionary in Africa for many years," said his mother. "He put himself, and his comfort, last. He went to help those black folks who needed a friend. He lived in Africa when living there was very hard, and very dangerous to his health. He put himself last, you see."

Impatiently the boy watched to see how soon she would tell him more, but she went on with her sewing.

"And grandfather was a judge, wasn't he?" he asked.

"A much-loved and honored judge, son," replied his mother. "He forgot himself—put himself last when justice was to be done. He was honored all over the state because of his unselfishness and honesty. He was poor when he might have been rich, if he had been willing to put himself first."

"Guess father keeps this motto," said George with a grin. "He's never home. He rides out in the cold, and snow, and heat, and storm to make sick folks better, doesn't he, mother?"

"You've never heard your father say, 'I'm too tired to go,' or 'It's too hot to make such a long trip.' He has learned to say, 'Myself Last,' you see."

"When do you think I can have this old medal?" asked the boy. "I want it awfully bad. Didn't grandfather once have it hanging over his bed?"

"He had it there for years, and then he moved it to his desk when the War came and he had many hard problems to decide. He used to say that it helped him," replied his

mother. "I don't think your father will give it to you while you are as selfish as you often are. Let's try it out and see how it works to put yourself last," she suggested.

"I'm ready," said George eagerly, starting out to play. "I want the medal. You tell me when I am selfish."

Soon George's mother saw him grab the best sled, giving his little sister the heavy one.

"Myself Last," she called cheerily from the window. George scowled; then he changed sleds, and smiled back at his mother.

At dinner time she made a round O with her fingers when he grabbed at the dishes of food near his plate, forgetting to serve his mother and sister first. She wrote, "Myself Last," on a paper and handed it to him when he was disturbing his tired father with the noisy radio program after supper. She put her hands on his, and stopped him, when he would have jumped into bed without saying his evening prayer.

"God first; others second; myself last of all," she quoted. "That is the way your great-grandfather interpreted the coat of arms. He thought that if you left God out, you would fail with the rest."

"Earning that medal is hard," said George, after a day or two. "I'm trying, mother, but I seem to forget very often."

"Anything valuable is hard to earn," said his mother. "You are gaining. Keep on trying, and smile while you try. Then you'll surely win in the end."

Finally one day when they were hiking along the road together George asked his father to give him the medal because he was named for his great-grandfather.

"I can't give you the old medal for that reason, son," replied his father. "That medal must be earned. I can only give it to you when you deserve it; when you have earned

the right to own it by proving that you are usually unselfish."

"But it's so hard to be unselfish," said the boy.

"I know it is," answered his father. "I had to wait a long, long time before my father would let me have a bookplate made from the medal. Once I thought I had it, but I lost it because I wouldn't share my Christmas with a boy I didn't like. Father said that being unselfish meant being kind to everyone, even if I didn't like them."

"Couldn't I just hang it above my bed, like grandfather did?" asked George.

"I'll be glad to let you do that," said his father. "I expect that will be a help. You may borrow it now, and when you have earned it, it shall be yours for always."

So George borrowed the old medal and put it over his bed. It was several years before he felt that he had the right to own it. One Christmas, when he came home for vacation, he told his father that he had volunteered to go to Africa, as his great-grandfather had done, and that he had asked to be assigned to the same station there. While he was talking of his plans with his mother, his father slipped out of the room and came back with a small box.

"Son," he said, "mother and I want you to know that the old medal is all yours. We have watched you grow from a selfish boy into a gracious Christian leader. We are proud of you. We have had this little gold replica of the medal made for your watch-chain as your Christmas gift. Grandfather, if he had lived, would have agreed that you have learned to say happily, and often, 'Myself Last.' We expect you will be crowned with happiness now, and, later, with victory, for your work in Africa."

So the young missionary sailed for Africa wearing the family coat of arms, not because he bore the name of the great men of the family, but because he had earned the right to wear it through self-control.



HOW ONE GREAT CAREER BEGAN

RAILROAD executives had been holding a conference and were in the depot, about to leave for home. A boy named Tom was sitting beside his mother waiting for the same train. She was tired, so she rested her eyes and head; but the boy, who had secretly longed to be a railroad man ever since tracks had been laid across his father's farm, was all eyes and ears.

"I'll bet that man right there has a big job," he said to himself. "I'd like to talk to him. Guess I'll get a seat across from him in the train." So he rushed ahead of his mother when the train was called, watched the man choose his seat, and then deposited his mother's bag directly across the aisle. As the train was pulling out of the station, he heard the man sitting behind him say to his companion,

"That's James M. Kurn across the aisle. I must talk with him before we get home."

"And who is James M. Kurn?" she asked.

"He's the President of the St. Louis and San Francisco Road," was the reply. "He's one of the big men today."

Tom's eyes grew bigger as he listened. A President of the Road! That was wonderful. Maybe he would drop his paper so Tom could pick it up for him.

"There's an interesting story about the way he came to be a railroad man," said the man behind, looking at his watch. "I'll have just time to tell it to you before we go into the diner. If I get a chance, I'll introduce him to you."

Tom had to hear that story. If he sat where he was, he was sure to miss some of it. He got up on his knees on the

seat, as though to look out of the window; then he turned his ear directly toward the man who was speaking:

Kurn's father worked for the Michigan Central Road, and James hung about the office and gradually learned to send messages by telegraph. He watched his father do his work, and he began to wish he could be a railroad man. One day, when his father was out, he called the chief dispatcher and tapped out very efficiently,

"I'm James M. Kurn. My father is one of your men. I want a job. I know all that I need to know about the work."

A man was to be replaced the next day in one of the small stations. The official was in a hurry, and this operator seemed all right, so he replied,

"Report at West Branch tomorrow morning. Take full charge."

"Thanks," came the reply. "I'll be there."

He was. The weeks went by, and no adverse reports came concerning the new operator. His reports came in on time and were well done. One day, nearly two months after he had taken the place, the dispatcher dropped off the train at West Branch. A young boy was alone in the office.

"Hello," said the man. "Where's the boss?"

"I'm the boss," said the boy. "What can I do for you?"

"You're the boss!" repeated the amazed dispatcher. "You're just a kid. Why, how old are you?"

"I'm fourteen; nearly fifteen, sir," said the boy, uneasily. "I'm the regularly appointed man here, and I've held the job for a long time without any trouble."

"Did you wire me for a job?" asked the man. "Are you James M. Kurn? Why didn't you tell me you were just a boy?"

"You didn't take time to ask me," was the reply. "Haven't I done all right?"

"Yes, but you are much too young for the place," said the man. "The officials would never stand for a boy being operator here. I'll relieve you tonight. You'll have to grow before you can be a railroad man." So the boy was dismissed.

He waited one year; then he called and said,

"Do you need a good operator now? I'm a year older."

"You are still too young," said the dispatcher. "Go back to school. You need to know lots more than you do now."

The next year he stopped the man on the street.

"Well, mister," he said, "I'm an inch taller, and a year older. Can I have the job now?"

"You're a big nuisance," said the official. "Why do you keep bothering me? I told you to wait. Why can't you wait patiently until it's time for you to have the job?"

The boy grinned, and sidled closer to the man.

"You see," he chuckled, "I'm surely going to be a railroad man some day, and I hate to be wasting time waiting for a job when I can do the work as well as anybody. Why do I have to wait?"

The agent looked him over from head to foot. He liked the frankness, the persistency, the good humor of the lad. Finally he said with a laugh,

"You win. I guess the railroad can find you a place somewhere. Report for duty tomorrow."

So Kurn went in as messenger for the railroad many years ago. His rise has been phenomenal. Today he is president of the St. Louis and San Francisco road.

Tom watched the two follow the President into the diner, and he wished he were going, too. He slid down into the seat beside his sleeping mother.

"Mom," he cried, excitedly. "Mom, I know now how to get a job on the railroad. First you learn how to do something well; then you ask, and ask, and you don't stop asking until they give you what you want."



DAVID AND JONATHAN

SUMMER was rapidly passing, and Uncle Jack knew that soon the wild geese would begin their long flight to a warmer climate. Each day he would stand outside his little house looking up into the sky, watching to see what birds were already on the wing, for Uncle Jack loved every wild animal, but especially the wild geese. He wished he might fly with them; might know more of the instinct that told them when to go, and where to go.

One morning, when Uncle Jack stood looking out across the pond, he saw a wild gander floating in the pond, apparently dead, so he jumped into his boat and rowed out to the place where he had seen it. It had been shot by a hunter who had broken its wing with a bullet and then left it to suffer. Uncle Jack picked the bird up very carefully and carried it home; then he tried to use a splint on the broken bone, but it was no use. At last he amputated the wing, and made the bird as comfortable as he could in a basket.

In a few days the gander was walking about, and then swimming in the pond, but he could not fly. Uncle Jack knew that this would make him an easy prey both for hunters and for wild animals. He wondered what would happen to the gander when the pond was frozen, and the other birds had gone south.

One day a large number of geese were heard squawking as they flew south, warning those on the ponds over which they flew to get ready to go; then each day there were fewer on Uncle Jack's pond. At last there were only two:

the bird with the broken wing and another big gander who had stayed near the wounded bird more than the rest. Each morning Uncle Jack expected to find the big gander gone, but there he was still.

"Can't be he's going to stay," thought Uncle Jack. "He's not the gander's mate. They're just friends—something like David and Jonathan in the Bible," he added, smiling at his wife.

And David and Jonathan they were to every one that saw them from that day. Uncle Jack told the neighbors; the neighbors told the reporters; and the reporters sent the news around in the village papers. So David and Jonathan soon had many visitors near their pond home.

Winter came; the pond froze over; food became scarce; the Canadian winds blew so hard that the two birds were often thrown forcibly against the fences or trees, but still the strong, two-winged gander did not soar up into the sky. He huddled close to the wounded bird in the clumps of grass at the edge of the pond, though they were often very cold and unhappy. Uncle Jack fed them, and the children of the town brought them good things, sometimes. When the sun came out, and they could get warmed through, they would seem to talk to each other, and would play in the sand near the icy pond.

Then one night the thing which Uncle Jack feared came to pass. A great owl saw the two geese and circled about to see how he could get one of them for his supper. He saw that David could not fly, as Jonathan was doing just at that time, so he swooped down behind Jonathan with a weird cry and struck at helpless David. David tried to get away, but the owl spread its great wings out to prevent it; then David uttered a piercing cry for help. Jonathan heard it and turned quickly. He flew to the owl; flapped his wings in its face to blind it; hissed at it; clawed at it;

pecked at its head, trying to drive it from David. Both ganders screamed, but the owl fought on, determined to have gander for supper.

Suddenly the owl gave a swift turn and drove his great talons into the head of brave, loyal Jonathan, paralyzing him instantly. While David shivered from fear and distress, the owl began his feast.

Uncle Jack had heard the cries at the pond and came running to the rescue, but not soon enough to save Jonathan. Little but a mass of feathers could be seen under the feet of the owl. When the owl saw Uncle Jack, he flew quickly into a tall pine tree and watched Uncle Jack carry David to the barn. He had sharp eyes, but he didn't see Uncle Jack place a trap in the feathers on the ground, so when the owl went back to finish his feast, he was a prisoner, judged to be worthy of death.

As the final chapter in the story of the friendship of the two ganders began to be published, the Canadian Government became interested, and they set aside two square miles of land for a bird sanctuary where all the wild geese the following summer might be free to nest, and yet be safe from the guns of hunters. And in that sanctuary today birds nest by the hundreds and thousands, thanking the government for its kindness by killing multitudes of insects, and by filling the air with beautiful songs.

So when the geese fly north in the spring, or south in the fall, the villagers near the Sanctuary go outside their homes to watch their interesting formations in the sky, or to hear their weird cries; then they remember how the loyalty of a big wild gander named Jonathan to a little wounded gander named David gave the county their beautiful Sanctuary for the birds.



ROLAND HAYES AND HIS MOTHER

ROLAND HAYES, the great negro singer, is often heard speaking in highest terms of his mother; telling of her wisdom, her sympathy, and her understanding.

His father died when Roland was twelve, leaving his mother with three small boys. For years his father had been an invalid, so the mother was used to hard work on the farm, as well as in the cabin that had been assigned to them after the Civil War. She had had no education, for she and her husband were both slaves. She was determined that her boys should go to school, so after a time she sold her crop and stock and moved to Chattanooga.

The youngest boy was to go to school continuously; but Robert and Roland were to take turns, one being at work when the other was in school. But Roland made good progress in the factory, and money was needed, so his schooling was very slight. Even in those days, he was singing; singing in the choir of a colored church; in the factory, and, occasionally, at a concert or dinner. He loved to sing.

One night a white man asked Roland to come to his home and sing for him. It was a beautiful home; a revelation to the poor boy. When Roland had finished his songs, the man asked him if he had ever heard great singers in their programs. Of course he said no, so the man went to his gramophone and played recordings by Emma Eames, Sembrich, Caruso, and others. Roland Hayes sat as if spellbound. He could hardly bring himself to talk when the music stopped. He went home with a great new dream

in his soul. He would learn to sing. He would give good music to the world. He would help the white folks to understand the music of the negro.

But his mother was disturbed by his dream. She knew by experience what life meant when all chance to rise was denied. She was afraid of the hard things that would come into his life, as a negro, if he began to feel that he had something to give to the world. So she began saying to him, when honors came because of his voice,

"Roland, remember who you are!"

Even when, in later years, he cabled from London that he had been invited to sing for the King and Queen, she cabled back, "Remember who you are!" Roland Hayes is grateful to his mother for this effort to keep him from being spoiled by flattery and praise.

While he was still very poor, and was saving every penny he could so that he might study in Boston, he found that his brother was going West to live, leaving his mother alone.

"She must come to live with me," he said. "Perhaps I shall have to give up my music, but mother shall not stay alone." So he went to Chattanooga, sold what could not be moved, and shipped the rest to Boston. He was earning only seven dollars a week. He rented a little flat for four-fifty a week, which left two-fifty a week for living expenses for the two.

A big box, sawed in two, made a bed for his mother. Empty boxes made table and chairs. A cook-stove was the only piece of furniture they had. That was in 1912, just before the Great War. Not one cent would he borrow, and he had no complaints to make, so long as he could keep on growing in his music.

His mother watched him with interest, and yet with fear. He was a negro, and no negro had ever been able

to break down white prejudice. When she saw him copying names from the telephone book in order to ask strangers to come to Symphony Hall in Boston and hear him sing; saw him mailing two thousand of such letters that he had typed himself on his old typewriter; knew that he would be hundreds of dollars in debt if the plan failed; again she warned him:

"You must remember who you are."

Well, Symphony Hall was crowded, and many were turned away that night of his first big concert in Boston. He had cleared two thousand dollars, and their days of poverty were ended. He was eager to hear what his mother would say when the concert was over; when the great crowds had gone home.

"It was very wonderful, Roland," she said with pride. "But, remember who you are."

She shared all the comfort that money could give with her famous son as she grew older; always sincere, always friendly, always appreciative. And when she died a few years ago, that famous son said to a friend,

"When such great success has come to me these last years, I don't think it has changed me at all. Mother was always calm and thoughtful when honors came to me, and if she had seen me getting proud and thoughtless, she would have quietly said,

"'Roland, remember who you are!' As long as I live, I shall hear her say it, and I shall listen and obey."



BEN'S BARREL

ON THE table in Ben's bedroom there was a little barrel with a band around it containing these words: "My Gift To Send Our Boys To Camp." It had been there for two whole weeks, and not one penny had gone in through the slot in the top of the barrel. It wasn't because Ben didn't want to put pennies into the barrel. It was because he didn't have any of his own, and he didn't feel as though he could ask his mother to give him any. Pennies were scarce in Ben's house.

Every time he looked at the barrel, he scowled a little. He didn't want to go to church with an empty barrel when all the other boys had full ones. He didn't want to stay home on Camp Sunday. Each night when he went to bed he tried to think of some way to earn money.

One morning he found a cent under his father's desk, and that was the first one to go through the slot. He popped three bags of corn to sell, and made six cents, but he wanted twenty-five pennies, at least, and only three days were left before Camp Sunday. Finally he went to the grocery store and asked the man to hire him to do something—anything.

"Take the pods off these lima beans," said the man. "I want to sell the beans in small wooden boxes. I will give you a cent for each box you shell."

"All right," said Ben, beginning to work. "That's an easy way to earn the pennies," he thought. At first it was easy, but the pods of lima beans are very tough and hard to open. Ben's hands were not used to work. It seemed to

take more and more beans to fill a box. It was warm in the back room of the store, and Ben grew tired and sleepy. Some of the pods had only three beans in them when he finally forced them open.

"Why do I need twenty-five cents?" said Ben to himself. "These beans are too hard to shell. I want to go home," but he kept on with his work.

Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, and, at last, when Ben's hands were so sore he could hardly open a pod, there were enough boxes of beans on the counter to make twenty-five pennies in his barrel. He counted what he had done to make sure he had enough, and then he went to the man who owned the store.

"I have shelled eighteen boxes," he said. "Please give me my pay in pennies so that I can put them in my barrel. I want to hear them clink as they go in."

"What barrel?" asked the man. Ben pulled it out of his pocket and handed it to the man, who read aloud,

"My Gift To Send Our Boys To Camp."

"The boys in our Church School want to help some poor boys to go to camp for a week, so we are bringing twenty-five cents each to the church on Sunday," said Ben. "You've helped me earn mine."

"So that is why you have worked so hard and so long," said the man. "Now I like to help boys to go to camp, too. See! for every penny you have earned, I will give you five pennies. You can get a barrel to put them in, and take them to church."

"Wait," said Ben. "Let's both hear them clink when they go in." He ran to the church; brought back a barrel for the man; then into Ben's barrel they dropped eighteen pennies; into the other they dropped eighteen nickels. Maybe you can imagine how proud he was when he handed two barrels to his teacher, instead of only one.



ARTHUR'S PINE TREE

ARTHUR sat in the old hammock watching his sister Lena walk back and forth across the lawn saying:

I will strive to grow strong like the pine tree;
To be pure in my deepest desire;
To be true to the truth that is in me,
And to follow the Law of the Fire.

Arthur knew that Lena had just joined the Camp Fire Girls, and he supposed this was something they had given her to learn; and so it was. It was the pledge of the new Camp Fire Girls. Arthur didn't quite understand what it all meant, but he liked the first line, "I will strive to grow strong like the pine tree," so he fitted a little tune to it, and went about the house singing it.

The next day he looked for pine trees on his way to school, and he liked those that were very straight and strong. When he rode in his father's car, he found different kinds of pines—yellow pine, and white pine, and scrub pine—for his father had taught him to know how to tell them apart. A carpenter told him which was the best for lumber, and his mother showed him the things in her kitchen that were made of pine. He whistled his pine tree song or asked about pine trees many times a day.

One day, as they were passing a nursery where young pines were grown from seeds, his father stopped the car and let him pick out a tree that was three years old—one third as old as he. It was a sturdy little tree, and he helped his father plant it right under his bedroom window. Some-

times his mother would hear him whistling, "I will strive to grow strong like the pine tree," after he had opened his window for the night; and she was glad to have the little pine tree there.

For two years that little tree grew well, for Arthur took good care of it; then there came a heavy snow-storm while Arthur was sick in bed. The snow fell from the roof on the pine tree, bending it almost to the ground, and no one thought to take the snow away. So, when Arthur was well enough to go out of doors, he saw his little tree all bent and crooked. How badly he felt then! He propped it up; he tied it to the corner of the house with a long, soft rope; he fed it plant food, but it had been under the heavy snow so long that it just couldn't straighten up its trunk again.

Arthur begged his father not to dig it up, but one day when he came from school his tree was sticking out of the ash barrel back of the house.

"Nobody wants to look at a bent, crooked tree every day," said his father. "Bent things are never worth much. They are best thrown away."

Not long after that, Arthur's best friend, Jack, told a bad lie at school. He was caught and punished. Arthur was telling about it at the supper table.

"I wish he hadn't been caught," said Arthur. "He didn't do anything very bad."

His father looked at him, and Arthur's face grew red. He knew what his father thought of a lie. He knew what his father thought of a boy who would defend a lie. Nobody said anything for a time; then his father took a pencil from his pocket and drew a little crooked pine tree on a piece of paper. He handed it to Arthur, saying,

"Jack is bending. If he keeps on, he is going to make a crooked tree; a tree that nobody wants to have about.

A liar isn't a pleasant thing to live with. You know, son, you can't go wrong and come out right. A few more lies, and Jack won't straighten out. Maybe you are bending, too. Think it over."

Arthur didn't answer, for he was ashamed. He took his hat from the wall and went down the road. As he passed the place where his little tree had been, he looked at the bare ground there, and he soon began to whistle, "I will strive to grow strong like the pine tree."

"Maybe I can help Jack to tell the truth next time," he thought. "If I had found my pine tree right away, it wouldn't have had time to grow so crooked that it couldn't straighten. I'll try to help him."

Four o'clock came, and Arthur gave a great shout when he saw his father digging a hole in the front yard; beside him lay a little pine tree, much larger than the first one they had bought. As soon as he saw it Arthur again began whistling, "I will strive to grow strong like the pine tree," and his mother smiled at him from the window.

"I'm going to take care of this tree all my own self," said Arthur when he had finished pressing the earth in around the roots of the tree. "I hope it will grow as tall and as straight as the one grandfather showed me at the foot of Mount Washington last year. It was such a wonderful tree. Dad, I want to grow straight and strong, too. I don't want bad habits to bend me and make me crooked."

His father finished patting the grass down at the roots before he spoke.

"Son," he said, "this tree can help you a lot. I've been worried since I heard you defend Jack's lie. I want you to be afraid of a lie." He carefully took hold of the little green leader in the heart of the top of the pine. "See, Arthur," he said, "this little leader always points up. It

never bends this way and that to see what others are doing. It stretches up to the light; it helps the tree to be straight and strong. Mother and I want you to stretch up until you are like grandfather. He is like a strong pine tree. He didn't bend."

Arthur's eyes shone, for he loved his old, gray-haired grandfather who had been a minister all his life.

"Grandfather said that a boy sometimes had to stand still and think things out for himself," said Arthur. "He said he was sure I could grow to be straight and strong because I had you and mother as examples, and he said the finest trees seem to like to stand alone, apart from the crowd. Grandfather says interesting things, I think."

"Watching this little tree will help you, son," said his father. "Keep your conscience keen and your desires right, and you are sure to grow strong like the pine tree."

That little pine tree is tall, and straight, and strong today. It stands in the yard of a farm house in New Hampshire. The boy who watched his father plant it has been for many years in Washington helping make the laws of the country. He is honored and loved. This is what one of the Senators recently said of him:

"He says little, but what he says you can rely on. He decides slowly, but he is usually right, and he always tries to be fair and kind to all, even to those whom he does not admire. He is a man of whom his State can be very proud."

I thought of the pine tree in the farm yard, and of the two little trees his father had planted for him. I thought of a beautiful picture of a pine tree which hangs in his own home in New England. I knew that all those pine trees had been helping him to grow into a "man of whom his State can be very proud," for the trees had reminded him often to sing or to whistle,

"I will strive to be strong like the pine tree."



JACOB, THE FRIEND OF THE POOR

ONE hot summer day in 1903, I sat on a platform in New York City looking at a vast crowd of children who had gathered for the dedication of a new playground where, a few short years before, one of the worst sections of the city had been—Mulberry Bend, it was called. Through the efforts of a man named Jacob Riis, known to the children as “Uncle Jacob,” the old houses had been torn down to make room for a city park, and the playground was near it.

Theodore Roosevelt was there, and when he called Jacob Riis “The Children’s Friend,” I could see people clapping their hands as far down the long street as I could see. When quiet had been restored, Jacob Riis rose to speak. I am going to tell you the story that he told to the children, just as I took it down in shorthand that day:

“When I was a little boy—and that was many long years ago—I lived in Denmark across the sea. My father was a schoolmaster, and he had fourteen children, so we were poor in money, but rich in love in my home. Father wanted me to study law or medicine, but I liked to work with my hands, and finally father decided to apprentice me to a carpenter, so that I could learn a trade and support myself.

“My brother had gone to Copenhagen to work, so, after a year, I persuaded my parents to let me go there, too, and work with a very famous builder there.

“We had lived in a small town all our lives, so my brother and I found many interesting things to see in that

city that seemed so large to us. We went to see the churches, bridges, stores, and, at last, we planned to go to see the Museum.

"I reached the building first, but I had forgotten the name of the room where he was to meet me. I stood by the door for a long time, ready to cry or run—I hadn't decided which. Many people passed me. Some scowled, for I was in the way; some smiled at my woe-begone face. At last a very nice-looking man stopped and said,

"Don't you know your way, sonny? I'll help you if you will tell me where you want to go.'

"He looked so kind, and his voice was so pleasant, that I just put my hand in his and we started upstairs. He asked me where I came from, and why I wasn't in school. I hated to tell him that I didn't like school and was an apprentice, but I did. He asked me if I went to church, and if I liked to work.

"What are you going to do when you are a man?' he asked.

"I want to help poor folks,' I replied. 'I don't think folks ought to have to live in crowded streets and poor houses. I can build better ones for them, maybe.'

"He liked that, and he patted my head and smiled. He said he was sure I would find a chance to help, because there were so many, many poor folks in the world. Just then we went through a door where a man stood dressed in a red uniform. As we passed, he saluted and bowed low. I thought he was looking at me, so I thought he was bowing to me. After he had shut the door again, I said to the man,

"Every one is kind and friendly here in Copenhagen. You have been so good to me, and now that man, whom I have never seen before, is opening the door and bowing to me. I like Copenhagen.'

"He laughed merrily, and, pointing to the door at the right, said, 'I think you will find your brother there, for that is the room where he is quite sure to be. Goodbye. I hope I see you again.'"

"My brother was there, and I began at once to tell him how kind the stranger had been. We walked through several rooms looking at the pictures; then I saw my new friend and guide coming toward us. He smiled at me. To my surprise, I found that my brother was bowing low to the man who was smiling at me.

" 'Why do you bow?' I asked, much puzzled. 'That is the man who helped me to find my way. Isn't he a jolly good fellow?'

" 'Jacob!' he cried. 'Jacob, what have you done? That is our King, Jacob! That is our good King, and you have treated him thoughtlessly. Come, let us get home.' "

"He was anxious, but I was too excited to be anxious. I had made friends with the King. I had told him of my desire to be a friend to the poor. He had smiled at me, and had told me that he would like to talk to me again. I liked him, and I was sure that he liked me. It was wonderful!"

Many years had gone by since that day when Jacob, a boy in his teens, had made friends with the King of Denmark. When he spoke to the children of New York that day, there were many gray hairs on his head. He had come to New York after he was twenty, thinking it would be easy to make a living in America. Instead, he had been refused any work. He knew by experience what it was to be poor; to have to sleep in old tenements. He knew what it was to be so hungry that he was glad to eat what others threw away. He had worked in our dirty coal mines, and among foreigners on our railroad gangs. He had been

homeless and homesick, yet he loved America. He was eager to give his work and his talents to making life better for those who needed help. He was still determined that children should have good places in which to play, and that the health and happiness of the poor should be enriched.

Jacob Riis had found, by 1903, that he had a talent for making others see what he saw as he went about the city reporting for newspapers. These newspapers were glad to print pictures that he had taken, and articles that he had written about them. He published pictures of crowded tenements; dirty alleys; neglected children; sweatshops; disease-breeding places along the city's water supply.

When the people of New York read the articles and saw actual pictures of the places Jacob Riis had described, they were amazed. They said,

"That is wrong. That must not be. We must do something about it." And that is just what he wanted them to say. Some helped; other folks began to persecute him for telling the truth, and thus hurting their business prospects; but still he kept on writing articles and taking pictures of life in the city of New York.

Fortunately for Jacob, Theodore Roosevelt, later President of the United States, was Police Commissioner of New York at that time. He and Jacob worked together, and soon men called "White Wings" began to clean the streets; butchers were arrested if meat was left uncovered; many tenements were ordered vacated and pulled down; bathhouses for the poor went up near the water; old schoolhouses were condemned; everywhere things began to be better for the poor.

So Jacob Riis knew, when he arose to talk to the children who were to use that new playground where Mulberry Bend had been, that his dream was really coming true.

Theodore Roosevelt had just called him "New York's most useful citizen," and he knew that he was surely making life safer, and happier, and healthier for the poor of New York. No wonder his face shone when he bent down toward the children at the close of his address, and said,

"We give it to you, little children. We give it to you because we want you to be safe and happy."

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Not long after I heard Jacob Riis tell of his adventure with the King of Denmark, I read this in a New York newspaper:

"Denmark has signally honored one of New York's great benefactors this week. She has given to Jacob Riis the Crusader's Cross, which is the highest honor that the King can give. It was given 'in appreciation of his nobility of character, and for his notable service to the poor of New York.' He is cited as a 'Friend of Humanity.'"

Denmark's King was still interested in Jacob, you see.



JUST A DOG

THERE'S that pesky dog again," said Bill Flannigan, as he pushed his oil-can in and out among the wheels of the big yard engine. "It'll surely get killed if it is out there when the express comes in. O, Jim!" he called. "Say, Jim! There's your friend, the yellow dog. Get him out of the yard, will you?"

The day was unmercifully hot, and Jim, a red-faced fireman, was standing just outside the depot door wiping the perspiration from his face. Passengers, waiting for trains, leaned against the baggage trucks, or wandered about, vainly searching for a breeze. Everyone looked tired, listless. Jim's shoulders were drooping, and he sagged at the knees. His collar was rumpled and wilted; his suit had lost three buttons and was badly patched in several places. His shoes were run-over and unpolished. His face was troubled and worn. A greasy bag lay near him, and his tools were at his feet.

At the sound of Bill Flannigan's voice, followed by a sharp, prolonged whistle from an engine in the yard, Jim was instantly alert, forgetful of fatigue or heat. He ran down the platform, waving his arms and calling for others to help him. He turned, as he ran, to see if any one else cared that a dog was in danger, but no one else did; at least, not enough to run on that hot, sultry day.

A big, gaunt, yellow dog was racing down track three, frightened by the shrill whistles of several engines. It leaped from track three as a train came round the bend; then from track four as an engine began backing out on

that track. Back and forth it ran, often in great danger, with Jim trying his best to drive, or coax, it off the tracks. Twice it snapped at Jim as he tried to grasp its collar. Once it hurt its foot and let out a sharp bark of pain. Twice Jim fell as he hurried after it, jumping from track to track.

When Jim finally returned to the train-shed, leading the big dog by its shaggy ruff, the perspiration was dripping from his face, now fiery red; one trouser-leg was badly torn, and the other was smeared with black oil. His hat was missing, and a shoe-sole flapped as he walked. He was breathing hard, but his eyes were jubilant.

"Some chase!" he remarked to the first man he met. "He was a fine dog once. Look how thin he is now! Folks gone to the country and left him behind, I expect. Shame how some folks treat a dog." When the dog pulled on his collar a little, Jim patted him, saying,

"C'm on, pup. You're hungry. I've got a bag down there, and it's all yours. You'll like it. Come along."

The paper bag was still on the box near the door leading into the station, so Jim led the dog to it. One egg sandwich was gulped down the ravenous throat; then a ham sandwich; then an egg. Last of all Jim took a piece of pie from the bag. He broke a tiny piece off for himself, and fed the rest to the dog.

"Feel better now?" he asked, rubbing his big, rough hand up and down the tired legs of the animal. "You mustn't come in here, old fellow. Some day I mightn't be here, and then—" Leading the dog to the telephone, he put in a call. Soon he came back to chat with those who had been watching him.

"You see, I love a dog," he said. "Any dog! I have one. He's not much of a dog, but he's mine—and I love him.

I call him Bobs. Bobs loves me, and what's more, he shows it. Guess that's why I like him so much."

The yellow dog crept closer to him, poking his nose inside the torn trouser-leg. Jim grinned and patted the animal when he felt him getting nearer. Once the dog whined and licked Jim's hand.

"They know, don't they?" said Jim, with a chuckle. "Dogs are more knowing than most folks."

When the black wagon belonging to the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals drew up to the station, Jim sighed.

"Hated to call 'em," he said, "but I guess it's the best for the dog. They'll know what to do to keep him out of here. Maybe they'll fatten him a little."

He led the dog to the gate, stopping to buy it a cake on the way. His face lost its satisfied look when he had handed the dog's collar to the driver of the truck, and he was shaking his head in a troubled way as he watched the ambulance turn the corner.

"Wish I could own that dog," he said, leaning against the door. "I can't. It's no use wishing, I s'pose. If I was home more, I'd have him anyway. He's no poor breed. I know his kind. His coat would be wonderful if it was brushed a lot. Poor old fellow! How can anybody starve a dog?"

"Tell me about your dog," said a girl standing near. "I have always wanted a dog, but mother's never wanted one about the house."

"O, Bobs is a fine dog," said Jim, feeling immediately a sense of comradeship with this young dog-lover. "You know," he said, sidling up to her, "I was away at work for four days awhile ago, and when I got home that saucy little mutt nearly knocked me over, he was so glad to see

me. He jumped, and barked, and howled, and almost talked. Looked like he was trying to say,

"Ain't it just grand to have Jim home again!"

"Have you a family?" asked the girl.

"I sure have," answered Jim, with a grin. "I have four kids at home."

"What does your wife think of Bobs?" asked the girl.

"She's gone," said Jim, softly. "She was gone when I got home one day. So now all I have is the four kids and the dog. Home's awful lonesome sometimes; leastways, it would be without the dog."

"What did the children do when you had been gone four days?" queried the girl.

"What did they do?" replied Jim, trying to fix the torn pant-leg with a safety pin. "Well, when they came in for supper, they just said,

"'Hello, Dad. You back?' and went on with their eating."

"Oh!" said the girl.

"I was pretty tired after supper," continued Jim, "so I lay down on the couch. The kids all went out somewhere, but that little dog of mine, he was watching me out of the corner of his eye. He gave a little squeal to show that he liked what I was going to do. He jumped right up beside me; he snuggled down as close to me as he could get; then he sang me to sleep. The kids say Bobs snores. I call it singing," said Jim.

There was silence for a minute. She couldn't think what to say next, for he looked lonesome-like to her.

"Bobs asks less, and gives more, than any of the rest do," said Jim, with a big sigh. "Sometimes I think he loves me better than my children do. Bobs tells me every day that he likes to have me around; the children don't seem to care whether I am there or not, unless they want

me to buy them something, or get them out of a difficulty. I guess I just want to be loved a little when I get home from riding the freight all day. And little Bobs is always ready to love me. He's a good pal."

Jim looked at his watch and started off on a run.

"Most forgot I had to work," he said, with a smile for the girl. "I still wish I owned that yellow dog. Dogs love those that are good to them, and most everybody needs to be loved every day. Bye!"

And Jim was on his way to work that hot, sultry July day.



A GREAT POET AND A LITTLE BOY

GOETHE was a famous German poet when Felix Mendelssohn was just a little boy. Mendelssohn, though only eleven years old, had composed many wonderful things for musicians to perform, and he was amazing the cities of Europe with his own ability to play.

One day, when the boy's music teacher came to the house, he brought Felix an invitation to visit Goethe in his home. This was a very great honor, and the boy's family immediately began to get him ready to go. He was to stay two weeks. Would he know what to say, and what to do? They told him how to behave, and warned him that he must remember all that the great poet said, so that he could tell them when he returned home. They reminded him over and over that he must be very quiet and orderly, so as not to disturb the poet.

At last the great day came, and Felix started off with his teacher, not half so concerned about the visit as his mother was.

Though Goethe loved the sound of words, and though he could build words into beautiful thoughts, he had never cared to study, or understand, music. Goethe's poems had been set to music, but even then he wasn't much interested in the songs. He wasn't sure how much he should enjoy having a boy of eleven about the house for two weeks, but, of course, he wanted to see this musical wonder about whom his friends had talked so much. He never dreamed that day that he was really going to school to a little boy for two weeks, and that he would always

feel that the boy was one of his best teachers. Yet that visit of little Felix Mendelssohn was often recalled by Goethe as one of the great occasions in the life of the German poet.

Felix played for him by the hour; he explained the meaning of the music before he played it; often he would play the same piece several times, giving it a different interpretation each time. He played the music of Bach, which was the only music that Goethe had thought worth while. Felix also played beautiful selections from Haydn, and Mozart, and many others. The hours were long, and often he was very tired at night, yet it was a happy time, for he could see that Goethe was learning to appreciate music.

Finally the time came for Felix to go home to keep other engagements to play. Goethe would gladly have kept him longer, for he liked the talented boy. Goethe wrote to his friends and told them of the pleasure Felix Mendelssohn had given him. He said Felix had not only taught him the power and beauty of music, but also had taught him to understand his own poems better.

Goethe's daughter missed Felix especially, and she wrote that they didn't know how to fill the gap that his going had made, and that her father felt that his visit had been of lasting value to him. As long as he lived, Goethe appreciated what Felix had given him in those two short weeks.

Did Felix forget his visit? Indeed, no. Many years later, when he was asked to tell what he considered as one of his greatest triumphs, he said,

"One day when I was only eleven years old, I was visiting Goethe. He asked me to play something from Bach, which he had often heard and liked. I began to play it from memory, but suddenly I could not go on. What could I do? Goethe was enjoying the music, and

I didn't want to interrupt his pleasure. So I just improvised until the music came back to me. And Goethe didn't know it! I had imitated the great Bach so well that the great Goethe didn't know the difference. What could have been a greater triumph?" You see, he was still remembering that boyhood visit.



WHO IS A COWARD?

SEVERAL years ago there lived in Benton Harbor, Michigan, a boy of fourteen named Lew Starrett. His father and mother were immigrants, and he had spent most of his life in the crowded, dirty slums. His father had hard work to keep a job, so the family was very poor, and Lew had had to run errands, sell papers, and do any other thing that would give extra pennies to him and his mother for food.

For a very few years Lew had lived near the woods and hills, while his father kept watch on prisoners, and in that time Lew had learned to love every thing that grew—flowers, animals, trees, or birds. He loved the moon, and the stars, and the wind. So he was different from many of the boys who lived near him when he moved to Benton Harbor. They called him mean names; they laughed at his clothes; they thought him inferior to themselves. Many of them were foreigners.

Finally Lew began to be afraid of them, and to believe that he was inferior, too, and that made him very unhappy. He tried to read about brave folks, and then to imitate them.

One day, when he was walking along the river that ran near his home, he saw a man struggling in the water. All along the bank were folks who had come to swim, or to enjoy the river. Lew thought of course some of these tourists would jump in and help the man, but they just stood still and watched him. Lew was sure the man was drowning, and he wondered what he ought to do.

It was Sunday, and he had on his best, and only, good suit. Lew knew that he ought not to get it wet unnecessarily. Then, too, he had always been afraid of the deep water. How could he help a man away out in the rapids? He looked about again to see if any one had started, and then he jumped into the water.

The current was very swift, and it carried him quickly down stream. With great effort Lew swam to the man and grabbed him before he went down, but when Lew tried to turn about to help him ashore, he could not swim with the man. The current carried them both into a pool on the rocks below, and there they were rescued.

Then Lew was a hero. The papers told of his bravery in going after the man. The boys wanted him to tell them all about it, for none of them had seen the rescue. Instead of being pushed aside, Lew was now invited to join in the games and the hikes.

Several months later a man came to see Lew. He said that the boy had been recommended for a Carnegie medal, and that he had come to investigate. He asked many questions, and went with Lew to the river to see where the boy had jumped in; where he had been rescued. Finally he asked to see the people who had been on the bank, and also the man who was rescued. Then there was difficulty, for the drowning man had come from out of town, and the folks who had watched Lew had only been there for the day. There were no witnesses to be found in town, and no one had thought to get addresses on that day. So Lew never received his medal.

But the man gave him something very much better than a medal before he left. A medal would have been put into a box, to be looked at once in a long time. That which he gave Lew lived with him every day of the years that

followed, and it helped to make him a great forest ranger and nature expert.

As the man was leaving, he said to Lew:

"Boy, were you afraid when you jumped into those rapids?"

Now Lew was usually a truthful boy. He knew that he had been dreadfully afraid when he jumped into that water. He had had to make himself jump in, but he didn't want to be called a coward when he had just been called a hero. If he said he was afraid, he might lose the medal, for they wouldn't give a medal to a coward. He decided to say he was not afraid.

"No-o-o, sir," he said, stammering a little. "I wasn't afraid. I jumped right in."

All the way to the depot the man was very quiet, and Lew wondered why. As he was ready to board the train, he took the boy's hand and said,

"Lew, remember what I tell you. When you have a dangerous thing to do; something that may take your life; something that may hurt you for life, and you aren't afraid, it just shows that you are reckless; that you aren't careful; that you aren't really thinking about what you are going to do. Maybe you are doing it just because you want folks to think you are a hero. That's not the way to do, boy. When a boy knows it's a dangerous thing he has to do, and just makes himself do it anyway—just grits his teeth and goes ahead, even though he's afraid as can be inside—that's courage. That's being a real hero."

Lew just stood there and watched the train pull out of sight. He wished he could talk more with that man. He had a wonderful new thought to live with. He could be afraid of really hard things, and still not be a coward.

Years afterward, when Lew Starrett was known all over the country for his courage in the mountains as a

forest ranger; after he had had awful encounters with wild animals, and storms, and forest fires; things which had taken all the courage he had, he said to a group of men:

"I learned when just a boy that a man is only a coward when he yields to fear. That has saved my life many times. I am still afraid of some folks; of some animals; of some temptations, but I am no coward, for I have learned to make myself do the things that I fear, and then I know I am being heroic. And sometimes the hardest thing I have to do is to stand alone when others are doing that which I think to be wrong, for I am terribly afraid of ridicule. The cowardly way is to do what they do; the heroic way is to stand for that which I know is right."



THE SIGN

ALL night long Tim had tossed and tumbled in his cot-bed. It had taken him a long time to go to sleep; and when he had slept, he had had such awful dreams that he had wakened himself by crying or screaming. So, when Tim crept quietly out of bed at six in the morning, he was tired, and sick at heart. He had one of the hardest things to do that morning that he had ever done.

Hard things had come his way for most of the twelve years of his life. First his father had died, and it seemed to Tim that all the joy of life went that day, for they had worked together, played together, fished together in the brook that ran through the farm.

After his father went, the farm had to be sold because his mother wasn't strong enough, and Tim wasn't old enough, to run it. He had loved the old farmhouse, the red barn, the hills, the sunsets, and the playmates who lived nearby. The brook always seemed to invite him to put his feet into the clear water; the wild flowers on the hillsides and in the pasture were always waiting for him to come and find them. To move from the farm to the fourth floor of a city apartment was a hard thing for Tim to do.

Then his mother had to go out to work, so every day when Tim came home from school he had to go alone into the house with its dark rooms and halls. Somehow the boys on the street didn't seem like his friends on the farm. When he wasn't busy in the house, he spent most of his time at the library.

One day they brought his mother home very ill. She had fallen on the street, too ill to walk farther. Her face grew thin and worried as the money in her purse grew less. Winter was coming. What could be done? Tim knew, but he had kept putting off doing that thing as long as he could.

Tim had brought his dog, Prince, from the farm, and the dog had been his best friend on lonely days. He could talk to Prince any time and anywhere. He felt that Prince understood how he missed the farm, and how he longed for the old days before his father had gone. Those had been such happy days! These were such awful ones! Mother had said that Prince would have to go, for they couldn't afford to buy food for him, or to renew his license. Prince was a thoroughbred dog. He would bring a good price. With that money they could buy coal for the winter. Prince must be sold.

No wonder Tim had had a hard night. All the evening before he had been working on a sign that was to be hung about the dog's neck. Only two words were to be on the sign: FOR SALE. How could he ever hang that sign on his dog's neck; the dog that his father had bought for Tim? That was the thought that had stayed with him all that long night, and was still right there in the morning.

Tim slowly dressed; fixed the fires; prepared breakfast for his mother; then he went into the yard. Prince was waiting for him, and ran to greet him joyously. In Tim's hand was the sign. As the big dog jumped to lick his face, his tears poured down over the sign. As he hugged the dog, the lump in his throat grew bigger and bigger. Prince seemed to sense that something was wrong, so he crept close to the boy, rubbing his nose against Tim's knees and pawing at his coat sleeve.

Finally, with a set face, Tim hung the sign about the

dog's neck, patting him lovingly. He led him to the post near the street and tied him there, hoping that some one, driving by, might see the sign and ask about the cost of the dog. Tim hoped it would be someone who lived near by so that he could see Prince once in a while.

"I want to help mother," he said, "but I don't see how I can get along without Prince."

As he turned to go, Prince strained at the rope, wanting to go along, so Tim turned back, patted him once more, and then untied the rope, fearing that Prince might choke himself, as he was tied. If only he could skip school and stay with Prince!

Suddenly there was the sound of screaming sirens; a fire-engine went whizzing by; then another and another. Tim counted the alarm. The fire wasn't far away. There was a tug on the rope that the boy held in his hand, and Tim turned to see Prince bounding off down the street, the rope dragging behind him, and the sign flapping about his neck. Prince had belonged to a fireman when he was a young dog; he was off to report for duty.

By the time the boy reached the burning house far down the street, a flame of fire was coming from the top, and all was in confusion. A woman had jumped from the third story into a life net; a sick man had been carried down a ladder by the firemen; a woman was calling to the men to save her cat and her canaries from the smoke. Tim stood spellbound, watching the work of rescue. The fire had gained great headway.

Close to him stood a white-faced woman anxiously watching a fireman trying to force his way into a second story window. Tim could hear her praying.

"Her baby is in there with its nurse," whispered a boy to Tim. "She thought they had gone out to the park until

she just saw the nurse at the window. See how the smoke drives those men back! I guess they can't get her baby."

"Look! Look!" cried a man near by. "There is a big dog coming from the rear, and he has something in his mouth. Look! He is carrying it toward the chief. It's a baby!"

"It's my baby," screamed the woman. "It's my baby! God be thanked!" and she ran to the place where the baby lay.

Tim followed her. He had seen Prince carrying the bundle. Now he was wondering what had happened to Prince? Was he burned?

Prince stood panting by the chief. The rope, burned and raveled, was still trailing behind him. A bit of the sign still hung around his neck; just enough to tell what had been written there.

"Prince!" called Tim, as he ran. "Prince!"

With a bound the big dog went to the boy. His furry coat was dirty, and in places it was badly singed, but he wasn't really burned, so Tim hugged him hard and started to walk away.

"Wait a minute, boy," called a man who had been watching the two. "I want that dog, if he is for sale. He's saved the life of my baby! Isn't that a FOR SALE sign that was about his neck?"

"Yes, sir," faltered Tim. "It was a FOR SALE sign."

"And do you want to sell him?" asked the man. "How much do you want for him?"

"I don't want to sell him," replied Tim, "for he is my very best friend. I may have to sell him, though, for mother is sick and we have to have some money. Let me take him home now and fix up his coat and his burned places. I'll bring him around for you to see him this afternoon," suggested the boy.

"That's all right," said the man. "I want to buy him for the baby. Don't sell him to any one else."

Tim reached for Prince's collar and started home.

"I couldn't let you go today, old fellow, when you have just saved a baby from getting burned, could I? You're a hero, now," said Tim to the dog.

Late that afternoon the boy and the dog went to see the man whose baby had been saved. Tim told him why he had to sell the dog, and how much he was worth. Then the man said,

"I want the dog, but I haven't any place to keep him because I must live for a time in a house where I can't have a dog. Suppose I pay you to take care of him for me. Here is the first month's board, and I'll send you a check for the dog by mail. Take good care of him; buy anything he needs to eat; keep his coat nice and shiny. I like him." So Tim and Prince went back home.

It has been many months since the day of the fire. If you were to go down by the big new house where the man now lives, you might see a little child, and a boy, and a big dog playing together in the yard. You might even see a sweet-faced woman looking out of the window, smiling at the three, for when Tim finally took the dog to stay with its new owner, his mother went, too, to live in the big house. She was to be housekeeper, and Tim was to be big brother to the baby and see that he came to no harm.

Prince had solved Tim's big problem, and they will be together, perhaps, as long as Prince lives.

TWO MARATHON RUNNERS

TODAY—April 19, 1939—as the radio tells of the many men and boys who are running in the cold and rain the twenty-six miles in the Boston Marathon, between Hopkinton, Massachusetts, and Boston, my mind goes back to two great runners who have thrilled thousands by their replies to the question, “How did you do it?” put to them after the race.

Both were boys. Timmie Ford, who ran the Boston Marathon, and won it when only sixteen years of age, was, and still is, the youngest runner ever to have won in Boston. Zabala, also a student, was twenty when he ran the Marathon in Los Angeles in 1932, and, for the first time, put the colors of his country, Argentina, at the top of that flag pole in a Marathon race.

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When Timmie Ford announced that he was going to enter the race, his friends ridiculed the idea; physicians wondered if he ought to tax his heart to such an extent when only sixteen; but Mr. Connelly, a trainer who had run the race many times himself, said,

“Sure, Timmie, you can run it. If you will do just as I tell you, no matter what the rest of the runners do; no matter what the crowd does, you might even win it. I’ll help you all I can.” So Timmie entered the Marathon lists.

Practice began immediately. Timmie was to run toward Boston from Natick, Massachusetts. Each day he was to run to a certain place. He was to be at that place at a defi-

nite time, rain or shine, traffic or not, wind or calm. The distance seemed short to Timmie, for he was eager to run, but he soon found that getting to that place exactly on time was harder than running the distance. Mr. Connelly would accept no excuse. Day by day the distance was lengthened until finally he was running steadily, easily, and without great strain for many miles.

At last the great day came, and Timmie lined up beside one hundred and fifty other runners, all of whom were older than he; many of whom were experienced runners. Timmie looked them over as he waited in the meadow beside the narrow country road, twenty-six miles from Boston.

"My!" he whispered to Mr. Connelly, "I'd better drop out right now. What chance do I have beside all those men? I'm scared before I even start."

"And why?" asked his trainer. "All you have to do is to run steadily, as you have been doing for months. Be at Ashland on time; at Natick on time; at Newton on time. Keep your pace, no matter what the crowd says, or the other runners do. Keep your pace until Massachusetts Avenue is behind you. Then go! Slow and steady, boy, is what wins the Marathon."

"I'll try my best," said Timmie with a smile.

There was a pistol shot, and the men were off like a flash. The crowd cheered as some outdistanced others. Timmie soon found himself behind the rest, and the crowd began to poke fun at him.

"S'pose you'll get to Boston for breakfast?" called one. "Does mama know you're running?" asked another. "Run, kiddo, run," called a pretty girl. "You can go faster than that."

Yes, Timmie could go much faster, and something inside kept urging, "Follow the crowd! Run your fastest!"

but at the same time Mr. Connelly's advice kept ringing in his ears,

"Be on time at Ashland; at Framingham; at Wellesley. Never mind what the rest do. Keep steady, and be on time."

So he smiled courageously when he found he was on the dot at Framingham and Natick and Wellesley. Already many had dropped by the roadside, and others seemed ready to go. Bulging eyes, drooping shoulders, and limping feet told Timmie what was happening. He knew he was running well, and that the worst fight against fatigue was over for him.

Then the Newton hills were before him.

"I mustn't hurry here and lose my wind," thought Timmie. "Lots of folks don't count on these hills," so he slowed a bit. "Steady! steady! Slow and steady!" his trainer's voice echoed in his mind.

"Aha! Look at that little kid!" a voice called. "He's going somewhere. I'm going to follow him," and Timmie was grateful for the encouragement given him.

"Only fifteen runners ahead. Go it, boy," called a newspaper man. Timmie heard, but he kept his stride. The city streets were just ahead; the crowd was dense and noisy; they disturbed the boy, and he wished they wouldn't cry to him.

Massachusetts Ave. and four men ahead! Timmie straightened up and let out all the energy and ambition he had. Past one, and the next, and the next. Down Commonwealth Ave. he was running beside a great runner—a favorite. He! Timmie Ford! a boy of sixteen! It was great. He must win. For once, a BOY must win! Then Timmie ran as if his life depended upon the race. A spurt, and he was over the line—first. And the crowd was yelling itself hoarse.

"How did you do it, Timmie?" asked the man who was getting ready to tell the story to the world through the newspaper.

"Slow and steady did the trick," replied Timmie Ford. "I was at the place where I was expected to be, at the time when I was expected to be there. The Marathon is won at every place along the way, not just at the finish. You can't follow the crowd in the road, nor by the side of the road, and get away with a Marathon race. You have to forget aches, and pains, and hard things, and just mind your own business as you go on toward Framingham and Natick and Wellesley, and Massachusetts Ave., and on to the goal."

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Zabala was a student from Argentina in South America. He, also, had to run over country roads and through city streets, but he began in the great stadium of Los Angeles. He was leading as the men ran around the stadium, and also when they passed out of sight through the tunnel which connects that stadium with the city streets. By the time the runners came back to the stadium, two hours later, a crowd of more than fifty thousand had packed the stadium. The papers had carried many stories of the boy, Zabala, who had practiced for years in order to run this race. They had told how representatives of his country were to be in the stadium to welcome him, if he should win. So when the first man to appear again in that tunnel was Zabala, the crowd went wild with delight.

Several other men followed close behind. Zabala seemed still full of life and vim as he circled the stadium, his eyes full of eagerness. "He actually smiled, as he ran, after twenty-six miles of hard running," the newspapers re-

ported later in the day. Zabala watched the other runners carefully. Suddenly he shot ahead, and over the line.

Men ran forward to help him; to congratulate him; to lift him on their shoulders. They expected him to cheer and wave his hand. Instead, his shoulders drooped, and he seemed not to hear or see. Every bit of strength Zabala had, he had given to the race.

As the Argentine flag was hoisted in honor of the lad who had honored his country by winning, a smaller flag was put in Zabala's hand. He fingered it, smiled, waved it a bit, and whispered,

"I won for her, my Argentina. I love Argentina. I ran for her," and he was humming his country's national hymn as they helped him to the training quarters.

To the last ounce of his strength and courage, Zabala had run to honor his country.

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Two Marathon runners—both young; both with tremendous self-control; both eager to show their powers of endurance and persistence; both fine examples of what steady, hard work can do.



KATE SHELLEY'S BRAVERY

IT WAS July 6, 1881. Kate Shelley stood by the kitchen window of her home in Boone, Iowa, watching a terrific storm. All day long the wind had blown; the rain had descended in torrents, and as night came on, it seemed to grow worse. Kate had seen houses falling; trees uprooted; cattle swept into the raging river, already six feet above its normal height. Men had been watching Honey Creek Bridge over the river all day, but it had stood the strain.

The lightning was blinding, and the thunder was so loud that Kate had found it impossible to make her mother hear her when she talked. The night was very dark, and Kate stood by the window wishing that some man were to be in their home to protect her mother and the little ones during the night ahead. A girl of sixteen didn't seem of much use in a storm such as was raging outside the window.

As she stood there, she saw the headlights of an oncoming freight train as it rounded the curve. Then the lights suddenly disappeared; the train didn't come by the house, as usual.

"Mother!" screamed the girl. "Mother! Honey Creek bridge must have gone! I saw the freight's headlights! Now they are gone, and the train has gone, too! What shall we do, mother? The express is soon due, and it is the day of the big reunion. It will be crowded, mother. What shall we do?"

"What can we do, child?" asked her mother, shivering with dread. "There is no one here to go."

"Then I must do something," cried Kate. "The lives of all those folks on the train depend on me. There is no other house this side of the bridge."

"What could you do in a storm like this?" asked her mother again. "You couldn't stand, Kate. You couldn't get to a place where you could stop the train."

"I must try to get to Moingona," said the girl. "That is only a mile away, and there is an operator there."

"But the trestle!" warned the mother. "Remember you could not cross it in the daylight. How could you make it in the darkness and storm?"

"I can only try," answered Kate, tying an old hood over her head, and putting on a greatcoat that had belonged to her father. "You know it is what I ought to do," and she opened the door, letting in a great gust of wind and rain.

Her mother watched her from the window, praying for Kate; trying to believe that she would come back again in safety.

Kate went first toward the bridge. She had been right in her surmise that the bridge had been swept away. There lay the freight, partly submerged in the water below. The bridge had been carried down the stream, and in the flashes of lightning she could see the great steel skeleton rearing its head beyond the freight train. The water was crashing against the piers as if to push them away, also.

Quickly Kate turned to run along the track toward the trestle, but the storm now beat directly in her face, and progress against it seemed almost impossible. To breathe was difficult; at times she was driven back over the very same ties she had passed. A tree, crashing down behind her, made her dazed and weak. The way seemed endless. Rounding a curve in the darkness, she knew that the trestle lay ahead of her.

The trestle! It was five hundred feet long and below,

the Des Moines River was thundering and pounding against the abutments. By the light of the occasional lightning she could see where the trestle began; then all was pitch black. Finding it impossible to keep her balance, she dropped to her knees. The rain dashed in her face, making it hard to watch the track when the light came. She could feel the timbers shake, and could hear them groan with the increasing strength of the water below. The thunder sounded like the noise of an oncoming train. Suppose she should be caught on the trestle when the express came! Was there a place where she could get below the tracks and hang on until it had passed? She looked down at the next flash of lightning, and what she saw below made her dizzy, faint, fearful.

Very cautiously, yet as hastily as was possible, she went crawling along the trestle on the slippery rails. Once her hand went between the ties and she bumped her face on the rails, cutting it badly, and making her head swim. Would she never get across? The way seemed endless.

At last her hand felt solid ground, and Kate Shelley gave a cry of joy. Not a moment was to be lost. She jumped to her feet and hurried toward the small station a quarter of a mile away. What mattered it if she fell? if she lost a shoe? if she tore her clothing? She was trying to save the lives of men, women, and little children.

Dashing into the little station, she gasped,

"Honey Creek Bridge has gone! Stop the express! The freight train is in the river!" Then she fell unconscious to the floor.

So the long express train, with its crowded cars containing many of the leading citizens of Iowa, came to a full stop less than two miles from the trestle, and the passengers, as they sat in the cars and waited for the

storm to abate, learned of the courage of that girl of sixteen who had risked her own life to stop the train.

When, later, the Legislature of Iowa presented her with a golden medal, and also with a purse of gold which had been contributed by those whose lives she had saved, Kate Shelley thanked them happily, and then said:

"I wasn't really as brave as you have made me out to be. Mother has always taught me to do the thing that I thought I ought to do, no matter how hard it was going to be; that is what mother has always done, too. So I just did what I knew I ought to do."



I KNOW A PATH

MORE than two centuries ago a band of nine hundred brave Waldensians, who had been left behind in Switzerland, decided to try to get back to their own homes in Italy. They had been persecuted, starved, hounded from place to place. Often a reward had been offered for those who killed them. They knew great hardships and dangers were to be encountered along the way, but still they wanted to go home.

And the hardships were worse than they had even dreamed. Every day more of their number fell by the way until less than a third of those who had started were able to travel longer. Sometimes they had to fight; sometimes they had to hide; always they had to be hungry, and cold, and fearful.

Finally they came to Mount Cenis, near the border. They had hoped to get across the river and into the security of the mountains without being seen; instead, more than two thousand French troops under Marshal Catenas were drawn up on the other end of the bridge to oppose them.

The Waldensians knew only too well what Marshal Catenas was like. He had defeated the Germans. He had taken Alsace and Lorraine. He had murdered and plundered wherever he went. He was determined that no one should escape. The little band of refugees gathered about their leader hopeless; helpless; seemingly trapped to their death.

"They have ropes ready to hang all who are taken

alive," said a soldier. "Better to die by your own hand than to cross the bridge."

"He has waited for you many days. He is angry at the delay," said another soldier. "He will be hard on your women. Turn back! Turn back!"

"What can we do? What shall we do?" cried the brave band of Christians.

"We can pray. We will pray. God is not helpless," said the quiet voice of the one who had taken the place of their old minister, whom they had buried on the hillside in the rear.

As they prayed, one of their number touched the leader on his shoulder, saying,

"Sir! Sir! I know a path! I know a path! I have remembered."

"Tell us of it," whispered the men.

"One day in Italy, when I had lost my goats, I climbed into the high mountains. At night I found a path. I followed it to see where it might lead. It ended, sir, back of us there in the high mountain, not far from Mount Cenis bridge. It is steep. It is very, very dangerous. But it leads home, sir. I know a path that leads home."

"And can you take us to it?" cried the men.

"I can. I will," said the man, eagerly. "I will take you to the path tonight."

So they waited, impatiently, for night to come, hoping to be delivered from their danger. But with the night came the moon—a moon so bright that the night was as the day. All about them the soldiers had built fires, lest the Waldensians try to escape. Again the case seemed hopeless.

"God is not helpless," said the leader again. "We will rest in His care. Pray. Have faith."

Two hours later there was a stir among the Walden-

sians, for a mist had begun to settle down over the top of the mountain. It was a light mist at first; then it grew denser, until the refugees were hidden from their enemies as carefully as though a wall had been erected between them. Keeping hold of hands, lest they become separated, the Waldensians slowly followed the one of their number who had told of the path.

How could he find it? He had been there but once, and then he had come from Italy, not Switzerland. Yet he marched straight along as though certain of his road. The way seemed endless to the exiles, but in reality they had gone only a little over a mile before they heard their leader saying,

"Past this barn. Through a pair of bars. Up a little rise. Ah! Ah!" and he began to sing, softly,

"Praise God from Whom all blessings flow." He had found the path in the mist.

Cliffs rose above them; cañons yawned below. The path had been made slippery by the mist, and it was so narrow that in places it seemed that a man could never walk safely. A single slip of the foot meant certain death. Yet each must walk touching the one ahead, because, in places, the path widened and one might lose his way and his life. Occasionally a loosened stone would go plunging down into the abyss, causing those on the path to shiver with fear. Hour after hour they followed that path until the colors of daybreak were seen in the sky.

At last they came to the entrance of a cave.

"Here you can rest in safety," said the man who had saved them. "Here it is dry, and there are soft leaves for beds. The path at the far end of this cave is in Italy. It is far from our home, but it is in our own beloved land. Thank God, He has shown me the path."

"Aye, we will thank God before we rest," said their

spiritual leader. "He has miraculously saved us." So they sat in silence while he recalled to them :

"God is our Refuge and Strength, a very present Help in trouble. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil. For Thou art with me ; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His Holy Name" ; and kneeling there in the cave, they thanked God for His loving care and guidance.



THE GUEST OF HONOR

THERE were nine folks living in the little white house that was on the corner across from the village church: a father who was minister of the church; a mother who was always busy; two older brothers who worked in the village store, and five sisters. The smallest child was just a baby. Peggy was eleven. She was tall, thin, and mischievous. Some folks thought she was good-looking, but Peggy was sure that she was homely.

When a girl is eleven years old, she is just old enough to wash dishes, and O, dear! what a lot of dishes were used in that little white house. Sometimes Peggy could get the breakfast dishes washed before school; sometimes the dinner dishes were finished when the school-bell rang; but some dreadful days all the breakfast dishes, all the dinner dishes, and all the baking dishes were piled in the kitchen waiting for her when she came from school. She then changed her dress, put on a great apron made purposely for washing dishes, and began; not always with a spoken grumble, but usually with a grumbly feeling inside, and a wish that she had been born in a home where only two people had to eat. If the pile were small, she often sang as she worked, but never when the dishes were waiting after school.

Now Peggy's father, like most ministers, liked to invite strangers to go to the home for a meal. If a traveler, or an author, or a missionary, or a preacher came to that little town, he was sure to bring them home: he might even write before they came to ask them to have dinner

in the parsonage. That meant there would not only be more dishes to wash, but it also meant less for every one else to eat, for Peggy's father had a very small salary for such a large family. So, whenever Peggy came home and heard her father talking to a guest in the living room, she was very likely to say to her mother: "More company! Why can't father send them to the hotel where they belong?" Then her mother would smile and say,

"Father likes to share his friends with his family."

One very, very hot day in July, when the kitchen seemed like an oven, Peggy's father came hurrying up the walk, saying,

"We are to have a famous guest for dinner—the lady who is to speak tonight. We are honored. Ask your mother to have dinner promptly, for she will need to get to the hall directly after we eat. Put your plate next to hers, Peggy. I want you to talk to her."

"I don't want to sit next to her," said Peggy, who was hot and tired. "Her name is Miss, and I don't like old maids. All the folks who come to speak here are named Miss."

"You will like this lady," said her father. "She is very sweet and gracious. It is an honor to be allowed to sit by her. Put your plate next to hers."

"Bet I won't like her," grumbled Peggy. "It's too hot to be all dressed up for dinner."

Soon her father came up the walk, followed by a lady carrying a much-worn hand-bag. Her hat was small and plain. Her hair was drawn straight back from her face. Her dress had nothing pretty about it, though it was neat and well-fitting. Peggy looked her all over as her mother hurried to greet her, saying,

"We are so glad to have you come to our table."

"Better say it is too hot to have company," thought

Peggy, as she poured the water and carried the vegetables to the table.

"This is Peggy, of whom I spoke," said her father, leading her to the lady. "She wants to be a teacher—and, maybe, an author, too, some day. I have put her next to you because you are a teacher." Then Peggy found herself looking into the most beautiful eyes that she had ever seen, and listening to a wonderful voice that made her feel friendly immediately.

During the meal she noticed how the lady's eyes shone when she talked about her work; how graceful her hands were; how courteous she was to every one in the room. Soon Peggy had forgotten that her name began with MISS, and that there would be extra dishes to wash. She was even wishing that the guest were to be there for a week-end, instead of only one meal.

Peggy stood, an hour later, holding the bag and parasol of the guest of honor. The lady said good-bye to the rest; then she bent to whisper to Peggy, as she took both small hands in hers,

"Don't forget to be a teacher; and be the best teacher in New York State, if you can. It's a wonderful thing to be able to do. Good luck to you!" Peggy looked about her to see if any one were listening, and whispered,

"I'd like to be just like you." The lady smiled and hurried down the walk with Peggy's father, but Peggy still stood right there in the garden looking at the hands that their guest had held.

The next two days Peggy bribed others to do the dishes for her; she didn't want to wash off the touch of the lady's hand. She cut her picture from the paper and put it in her bedroom. She began to watch the newspapers for articles telling of the speeches she had made; the banquets given in her honor; the governors and statesmen who had introduced her. She would say to the girls at school:

"Did you read about that great meeting last night? That was one of my friends who gave the address."

Just after Peggy had entered Teacher's College in Albany, word came that her friend had died. She had seen her only once, yet as she read the articles in the papers, she felt as if one of her own family had gone, so real had her ideal become. She still wanted to be like her.

Several years later, Peggy took a group of students to Washington for their Easter vacation. As they wandered about the various buildings, they came to a great hall in which each state had placed statues of two of their most honored leaders.

"See," said one of the boys. "There is a statue of a woman; the only woman to be seen among all these men. Who can it be?"

Peggy crossed the room with the rest and found herself face to face with the marble statue of her girlhood ideal—Frances E. Willard; a statue placed there in Washington by the state of Illinois because of her splendid leadership in the work for prohibition of liquor sales.

"Oh," she cried, "that is my friend, Frances E. Willard. I knew her when I was a little girl."

"Did she live near you?" asked one of the party.

"No, indeed," was the reply. "My father brought her to our home for dinner one day, and told me to put my place next to hers." She told them what that one little hour had meant to her life and work. Then she touched the marble hands, lovingly, as she said,

"You never know what a hand-clasp can do to you until you find your own hands in those of a person who, you feel, is a hero or a heroine. Covet for yourself the opportunity of shaking hands, at least, with a man or woman who is lifting the world. It may be the greatest single moment of your whole life."



THE BROUGHT-ONE CLUB

HOW would you like to belong to a real Club?" asked the minister of the children in his Junior Church one day. Hands shot up all over the room, for what child doesn't want to belong to a Club.

"In our church we need many things," continued the minister. "We need members, and money, and workers. You are to help me find some of them. You may earn some money and bring it. You may invite a friend who doesn't go to church to attend church. You may run errands for me. When you come in next Sunday, you may raise one finger if you have found one way to help; two fingers if you have found two ways. For every one you bring with you, you may raise one finger. I shall see who are workers, and who are shirkers."

Betty liked the idea, for she was a lonely little girl and had wished she might join a Club. Her mother was ill, so Betty couldn't run errands. She had no way to earn money, yet she wanted to be a helper. She asked her teacher to go to church, but her teacher said,

"I need to rest on Sunday. I don't go to church."

She asked the postman, but he said he went to another church. Grandfather was old and lame, but he said he would go, and a neighbor sent word that she would like to help Betty, so when Betty went to church the first Sunday she was very happy to hold up two fingers. She had brought two people.

The next week wasn't so good. Friday came, and she had found no friend to go with her. It looked as though

she would have to belong to the shirkers. Saturday morning, as she was hurrying to the store to get supplies, she saw little black Peter sitting and singing on his door-step.

"O, Peter," she called. "Would you like to go to church with me tomorrow morning?"

"I can go if you will take me," said Peter with a broad grin. "I'd like to go to your church."

There were many smiles on the faces of the church people on Sunday morning when the little curly-haired, fair child led the kinky-haired, black boy down to the very front seat of the church.

Now Peter loved to sing. Soon the minister announced that they would sing "America" because it was Washington's birthday.

"Listen to me sing that," said Peter to Betty, rolling his eyes at her. And he did sing; his voice rang out above all the rest, and the choir almost stopped to listen to him.

As the two were leaving the church, the minister said,

"Betty brought you, Peter, and you brought a beautiful song that helped us all. Welcome to the Brought-One Club, Peter."

The next Sunday Peter brought his father and mother, and they could both sing; they could sing better than any one else in the little church, so the minister stopped all the rest from singing, and asked the two to sing a verse alone. Peter's face was jubilant, and he joined in the chorus without being asked to do so.

The organist became interested in that little black boy. He helped him train his voice. When Peter was sixteen, he was soloist in the church. Later he went to a school for colored boys in the south where he continued to study music. He not only sang, but he wrote beautiful songs for others to sing in the church services.

One day, when he had become a well known church

singer in the south, a radio concern asked him to sing for them each day in the week, Sunday included. The music they asked him to sing wasn't really bad, but it wasn't really good either. They offered him a big salary, and Peter needed money, yet he didn't even take time to consider their offer.

"No," he replied. "I couldn't do that. You see when I was a little boy I joined a Brought-One Club. The minister said I had brought a beautiful song to church, and it had helped. I don't sing in any place but the church on Sunday. I don't want to sing music that doesn't help somebody when I have sung it. I still want to be an honor to the little girl who took me to church, and to the minister who welcomed me so kindly when I got there."

So Peter earns a small amount singing in a city church in the south when he could be earning many times that amount if he would sing cheap music on Sunday over the radio.



TWO GIRLS WHO SHARED WHAT THEY HAD

BETTINA and her grandfather lived all alone in a little hut on the side of one of the high mountains in Switzerland. It was a very beautiful place to live, but it was a lonely place, for there was no other little boy or girl on that side of the mountain. Rover, her big dog, and the seven white goats that belonged to her grandfather and herself were the only playmates Bettina had. Grandfather had six goats, and Bettina had one that was her very own.

Bettina was too small to milk the goats, but she helped her old grandfather put the milk in the large cans which were kept in the cool mountain spring, and she helped him to load it in the strong cart when they were ready to take it down the mountain to the village to sell. Grandfather always pulled the cart carefully along the crooked path to the foot of the mountain; then he hitched Rover to the cart, and the dog walked beside Bettina while the grandfather delivered the milk; then the dog drew the cart back up the mountain to their home. Rover was a big dog, and a good dog, and Bettina loved him.

When the day's work was done, Bettina and her grandfather would often go out and sit on a great overhanging rock to watch the sun go down. They would sing together, or yodel together, and the villagers below would come out of their homes to listen. Sometimes when the wind blew very hard their little hut would rock back and forth; then Bettina would reach out of her bed to hold grandfather's hand for safety.

One day when Bettina took a quart of milk to a house in the village, she found a little American girl lying on a cot on the veranda. She was very pale and thin, for she had been sick for a long time. She had come to Switzerland to see if the mountain air would help to make her well again. Bettina felt sorry for her, and wished she might help in some way.

"Ask your grandfather, Bettina," said the lady who owned the house, "if we may have two extra quarts of milk a day for Elizabeth. She needs to drink a lot of milk, and yours is so rich and good."

Bettina ran quickly to her grandfather, but he said,

"Tell her we haven't even one quart to spare. You remember that the dry weather has made the goats give less milk. Tell her I am sorry, but I must give my customers what they usually have."

That night, when her grandfather started to pour Bettina's mug of milk from the smaller pail where the milk of Bettina's goat was kept, she said to him,

"Grandfather, I want to help that little sick girl. I don't need milk three times a day, and my goat's milk is especially rich. I will drink milk at night, when I have climbed up the mountain, but I want to take the rest to the little American girl." Grandfather was not sure that this was a wise plan. He told Bettina that she could try it for a week or two, but if she grew pale, she would have to stop carrying the milk to the village.

So Bettina began to carry a little pail of milk in her hand every morning, and soon she and the American girl were good friends. Very, very slowly the color began to come into the cheeks of the sick girl, and they were planning for the day when she would be well enough to try to get up on the hillside to see the goats that had furnished her with milk. Bettina said that Rover would pull her

part of the way, and grandfather would carry her part of the way. It was wonderful to have a girl friend, and Bettina could hardly wait to get to the home of this new friend each day.

Then one morning, when she went to deliver the milk, she found her friend had gone back to America. A cable had come, and Elizabeth and her mother had left on the first train. Bettina took the books and the doll which Elizabeth had left for her, and the letter which she had written. She hurried away where she could cry without being seen. For days and days she looked sad and troubled; she wished she might, at least, have said good bye. Occasionally a post-card came from America, but finally the two friends drifted apart.

The years went by. Bettina's grandfather died, leaving her very poor; so poor that she had to sell the goats and move down into the village to work in some one else's home. During one winter she broke her leg, and because she had no money to go far away to have it fixed as it should be, she became a cripple, cared for by relatives who didn't want her in their home. Then Bettina seemed to have forgotten how to sing or yodel; how to smile and tell funny stories. She was lonely, and very unhappy. She would sit in her chair, look up at the hut on the hill, and wish she were a little girl again with Rover, and the goats, and grandfather.

One day an automobile stopped at the gate, and a lady came hurrying up the path.

"Does Bettina live here?" she asked of the lady at the door.

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" called Bettina, recognizing the voice of her friend. "I am here."

Elizabeth looked at her as she sat in her chair.

"Can't you walk?" she asked. "Why is your hair so

gray? Why do you look so sad?" Then Bettina told her of the hard things that had come into her life since Elizabeth went away.

"And now I have come back well and strong," said Elizabeth. "I came back to see if there was something that I could do for you. I have money that mother left me—plenty of money. You shared your milk with me and helped me to get well. I will share my money and help you to get well."

Elizabeth took Bettina in her car to a large city. She spent several months in a hospital, and she came out able to walk again.

Elizabeth found that Bettina still wanted to live in the little Swiss town, so she bought her a tiny house with land around it where she could keep chickens and goats. She hired a woman to care for her. She bought the goats, and she bought a dog, that it might be company for Bettina. Then she put some money in the bank to be used in case Bettina should get sick again. All summer long she stayed in the little town, enjoying the simple life of the villagers. When she began to make preparations to go back to America again, Bettina tried to tell her how good she had been to make life happy again, but Elizabeth said with a beautiful smile,

"Of what use is money if it doesn't buy happiness for others, and for yourself? As long as I live, I shall be happy to share what I have, if you need it. I wanted to thank you for sharing all you had with me. We are friends, and friends love to share."



THE TWO BLUE JAYS

JANET woke with a start when a gust of wind blew snow in her face as she lay in bed.

"Snow!" she called. "There's lots of snow, James. Let's play with our new sleds before school." She jumped from her warm bed and began to dress as fast as she could. Just then she noticed that the birds were making a great noise in the cedar tree that stood in the yard. They were flying up and down; they were hopping to the window-sill of the kitchen; and they were scolding and chattering as fast as they could.

"Hurry, Janet," called her mother. "The birds have no breakfast because the snow is over the ground. Come and feed them." So Janet's fingers flew faster than ever.

Taking a pan of bread-crumbs, Janet went to the veranda and scattered some on the feeding-board; then she joined James at the breakfast table. Each had a piece of hot toast on a plate, and on a plate between them were two more pieces—one of raisin bread and one of white bread. James wanted the raisin bread, so he ate his toast very rapidly and reached for the second piece. Mother was watching him.

"I want that raisin bread," said Janet. "You eat the other piece."

"I want it myself," said James. "I am ready for my second piece first, so I can have my choice, I guess."

"Then I won't eat any," said Janet, beginning to cry.

James grinned and lifted the toast to his mouth, but just then his mother reached from behind and took it

from him. She put a second piece of white toast on the plate and went back to the kitchen without saying a word. Both children were angry, and both left the table without eating the white bread toast.

Janet put on her coat and her warm cap. Then she took some sunflower seeds and some suet which her mother had placed in a wire basket, and went out of the door. James went slyly into the dining room and put his piece of white bread toast into his pocket, thinking he would eat it if he grew hungry. Then he followed Janet into the yard.

Such a lot of birds as had gathered about the feeding board and the cedar tree; nuthatches, sparrows, blue jays, and even a crow! The children tied the suet-basket to the tree, while the birds watched them noisily, waiting for their chance to peck at it. When the sunflower seeds had been put on the board, the children stood back to watch the fun.

"S'pose the birds like white bread toast?" said James with a grin. "Let's see." He took the toast from his pocket and broke off several small pieces; then he dropped the large piece that was left right in the middle of the board.

At first no bird paid any attention to it. They liked the rest of their breakfast better; but when that was gone, several birds rushed to get the big piece of toast, especially two lovely blue jays.

"Jay! Jay!" they screamed, trying to drive the smaller birds away. "That is ours. We got it first, and we are going to have it." Finally the little birds went hunting for other crumbs, and the two jays had it alone. They tried to break it; they tried to fly off with it, but it was too heavy. Each thought the other was trying to steal it. Finally they began to fight over it.

"See," cried James. "There comes Scamper. Let's give him some nuts. He must be hungry, too."

"I want to see which jay gets this bread," said Janet. "I'll ask mother for nuts pretty soon. Scamper will wait."

The pretty little gray squirrel crept nearer, the wind blowing his tail so that he could hardly make his way. He stood up on his hind legs to look around; and it was then that he saw that toast, and the jays who were quarreling over it.

"Jay! Jay!" screamed one bird, as he tried to cover the bread with his foot. Just then a little gray paw reached out and took that piece of bread, and a little gray squirrel ran chattering, happily, up into the oak tree.

The jays looked around, and then flew sadly away. The children looked around, and they saw their mother standing in the window eating a piece of raisin bread toast. She was laughing. She was pointing to the squirrel, and then to her piece of toast.

"I s'pose mother means that we lost our toast the way the jays lost theirs—because we quarreled," said James.

"I think mother and the squirrel knew more than we and the jays did," said Janet. "White bread is just as good as raisin bread, if you think so. I wish I had eaten mine."

"There's only one piece left, 'cause I fed my piece to the birds," said James. "I'm hungry already."

"We'll divide my piece," said Janet. "It's better to have half a piece than to have none—like the jays." And they went back to the breakfast table.



A PICTURE THAT TALKED

IN 1844, a baby was born in the old fortress of Munkacs, Hungary, and was named Mihaly. Soon his mother had died from exposure, and his father, a soldier, had died in a Russian prison. So the child of four was taken, with his brothers and sisters, to live in the home of his aunt. One night evil-minded men broke into her home and murdered all but this one little boy. Then he was apprenticed to a carpenter who kept him so busy with saw and hammer that he had no chance to go to school or to make friends.

The boy was determined to learn to read, so that he might not be so lonely, and he persuaded some older boys to teach him what the letters on a large sign stood for; later they helped him to read and write simple words. Soon he was educating himself through the reading of good books. He was a house painter after finishing his apprenticeship; then a decorator of boxes. All the time he was dissatisfied with the work he was doing. One day two painters stood watching him work; they recognized his ability with paints; they offered to help him become a painter of pictures, and that was a lucky day for Mihaly Munkácsy—or Munkácsy, as he is known in art circles.

Like Millet, he preferred to paint common people; those whom he met on the road; peasants, laborers, gypsies. Gradually his work became known, and before his death, in 1900, he had won the coveted Legion of Honor in France.

One of his best known paintings is "Christ Before

Pilate," which was bought by John Wanamaker, the New York merchant, and placed in an exhibition hall in Philadelphia. The majesty and kingliness of Jesus appealed to John Wanamaker, and he wanted the picture to be in America.

Munkácsy painted the picture in 1881, and when it was exhibited in Paris throngs of people went to see it. Munkácsy was pleased with the way in which it was received, so he had it sent to America in 1886 in charge of a man named Clark. It was to be exhibited both in Canada and the United States.

One day a sailor came to the exhibition hall in Hamilton, Canada, and called in a coarse voice,

"Is Christ here?"

Mrs. Clark didn't like his looks; at first, she didn't realize that he was referring to the picture.

"How much have I got to pay to see that Christ?" called the man, impatient with the delay.

"The admission is twenty-five cents," said Mrs. Clark.

"I s'pose I've got to pay it," said the sailor, placing a quarter in her hand. She followed him into the room where the picture was hung, fearing that he might cause trouble.

He sat down before the picture, evidently not much interested at first. Soon he took off his hat and placed it on the floor; then he hunted for a catalogue, and rose to stand closer to the picture to identify the different persons depicted there. Occasionally he would sit down and seem to be thinking as he studied it. A full hour went by before he replaced his hat and started out.

Seeing Mrs. Clark in another room, he went to her.

"Madam," he said, "I came here to please my mother. I sail on the lakes, and I am a rough man. We don't think much of religion, and we don't go to church. My mother

knew the picture was here, and she asked me to come and see it, if we came into port while it was on exhibition. I like it."

Mrs. Clark opened the door, thinking he was ready to leave. Instead, he turned to take one last look at the tall, peaceful, fearless Man standing before the vacillating Pilate, surrounded by his accusers: the soldiers, the angry mob, and the sneering, cynical old men of the Sanhedrin.

"The man that painted that picture believed that story; believed in that Man," he said, thoughtfully. "There is something in that picture that makes me believe it, too. God helping me, I'm going to be a changed man. I like Him. I want to know more about Him."

Munkácsy died in 1900, but the work that he did when he painted his great picture, "Christ Before Pilate," is immortal.



WHEN KATE TALKED WITH HER FRIEND

NOT long after the Civil War had ended, a little girl named Kate, who was nine years old, went from her home in the country to Portland, Maine, in order to take a train for Boston. It was a great adventure for Kate, who had seldom had an opportunity to ride on a train.

The night before Kate's mother had been in Portland to hear a famous author read from his books; an author of whom Kate knew much. She had read some of his books once, but she had read others many times. She had named the chickens in the barnyard, the dolls in the house, and the dogs and cats with which she played after some of the characters in this author's books. Kate had wanted to go to hear him read, but tickets cost money, and Kate had had to be content to stay at home and look forward to the trip to Boston. So all the morning she had been asking questions about what had happened the night before.

As she went to the depot in Portland she kept her eyes open, hoping she would see him walking along the street. Would she know him? Of course. Hadn't she looked at his picture in the front of her mother's books many, many times? Finally they were on their way to Boston, and Kate was watching the interesting things to be seen from the window.

As the train stopped at one of the larger towns, Kate noticed that a crowd was gathering on the platform. Then she saw that men and women were pointing up the track toward the rear of the train. Kate craned her neck to see

why—and there was her friend, the author—Charles Dickens of England. He had stepped from the car in which he was riding to get some air while the train was standing still.

Oh! How could she get a chance to speak to him? That would be wonderful! She wanted to ask him questions about David Copperfield, and Little Nell, and Tiny Tim. When he stepped back on the train, she found that he was getting into the car just behind the one in which she was riding. She made some hasty plans, and soon she had slipped out of her seat while her mother was talking with friends, and she had seated herself in the back seat of the car in which Dickens sat talking with his friends.

At first she was satisfied to watch him, but soon she was resentful because the men stayed so long by his seat. If only they would leave him alone for a minute, she would run right down and say hello to him. Once her mother came to hunt for her, and Kate thought her plan was going to fail, but her mother saw other friends and sat down to talk to them, so Kate continued her watch. She felt she just must speak to Charles Dickens.

Suddenly her chance came. All the men left, and Dickens turned to look out of the window. Kate quietly ran down the aisle and sat down beside him, a little afraid of what she had done.

"Bless my soul, child," he said, when he found her there. "Where did you come from?"

"I came from my home in Maine, and I am going to Boston to visit my uncle," she said, politely. "I have read all of your books but two, and mother is going to buy those two in Boston."

"You have read my books!" he replied. "You are just a little girl. How could you be reading my books?"

"Mother read them to me first," she said. "Now I read them myself, and I like them."

"Do you read them all?" he asked, still very much astonished to find such a little girl interested in what he had written.

"I skip a few long, dull parts," she said, "but I read the short, dull parts." Then he took her hand and began to ask her where the long, dull parts were, and which books she liked best, and which characters seemed most real to her. He found that she knew more about his books than most grown people with whom he had talked in America. She asked him questions, too; questions about the children of his books, and the places where they had lived. She told him about the names of her chickens, and dolls, and dogs, and cats.

Men came to talk to them, but he soon answered their questions and then turned again to the little girl. His arm was around her, and she felt very much at home. When they finally reached Boston, she was sorry to say good-bye and go away with her mother.

Many years went by, and then Kate began to write books, just as her English friend had done. Soon boys and girls in America began to know her, and to love her, just as she had known and loved Charles Dickens. They called her Kate Douglas Wiggin. What did she write? Her first book was, *The Bird's Christmas Carol*, which boys and girls of America read in school at Christmas time. They also read Charles Dickens' story called, *A Christmas Carol*. Did his book help her to name her first book? I don't know, but I shouldn't wonder if it did.

After that she wrote other books and stories, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and "Timothy's Quest" among others. Kate Douglas Wiggin read good books when she was a little girl. She wrote good books when older. She

evidently tried to make good friends when she had the opportunity. Charles Dickens was her friend long before he came to America, for his books were inspiring her to use her imagination; to think; to create pictures in her own mind that she could, later, give to the boys and girls of America; and that is what any good book ought to do.



BILLY'S EASTER CARD

BILLY had a hard cold and so he had had to stay at home while Jack and Janet went to the Church School that Sunday morning during Lent. He had read the stories in his Church School paper, and he had written out the answers to next Sunday's lesson; then, having nothing better to do, he sat down by the window to watch for the other two children.

"S'pose my teacher has given all the rest that card we were going to have today. Now I won't get one. Wish I hadn't got in that puddle," he said to himself. Just then he saw Jack and Janet running up the walk waving something high over their heads.

"They're beautiful," said Janet, handing him a little card with pink tulips on it. "See, Billy. I'm going to write my name right here, but the teacher said I mustn't write what I was going to write until I had talked with Mother."

"Have you got to learn something?" asked Billy, much troubled to think he had no card on which to write his name.

"We've got to do something—do something hard, cause it's Lent," said Jack. "For forty days—forty days, Billy—Janet and I are going to do something hard."

All during dinner they discussed it. They had many suggestions that they had brought from the Church School teacher, but none of them seemed to suit the children.

"I thought I might try to get up without being called," said Jack, timidly, lest they should laugh. "I could get up for a week, maybe, but not for forty days—forty days. Never!"

"And I thought maybe I'd learn a verse of my memory work every day; then I wouldn't have to hurry so much in May," suggested Janet.

Billy sat very still; sometimes he had to bite his lip to keep from crying. He wanted a card; he wanted to do something hard, too. Finally he slipped away and went to his playthings. He quietly tore the cardboard cover from a box and drew some daffodils on it—like Jack's, he thought. My, it was a funny looking card when he had colored the flowers and leaves with his crayons! He was only seven, you see. He sat a long time thinking what to write; then, very slowly—because he couldn't spell well—he printed a sentence and hid the card away in one of his books.

The first thing in the morning he remembered what he had written, and so he began to try to do it. Once, when he missed in spelling and had to go to the foot of the line, he almost didn't do it. Once, when a boy made fun of his new cap, he almost failed again. He thought about his card when his father told him he couldn't go out and play after supper, because of his cold. He remembered it when he had to go to bed before either Jack or Janet.

When he was all ready for bed, and alone in his room, he opened the book a little and looked at the card, "One day is all right," he said, and smiled.

There were many times during those next days when he had to think very hard; once in a while he failed, for you see no one was helping him to keep his pledge.

The Saturday night before Palm Sunday the children were getting ready for bed when Jack remembered that they were to take their card to the Church School on Sunday, so Jack laid his on the table. It said,

"I will try hard not to be late for school or for Church School." Janet's said,

"I will not whisper in my class on Sunday, and I will learn my lesson every week."

No one said a word about Billy's card, for no one knew that he had a card, but when his mother had tucked him into his bed, he slipped it into her hand, saying,

"Don't tell Jack and Janet. I made my card."

His mother looked at the queer, little, crooked card, with its yellow lines that were supposed to be flowers, and she felt as if she wanted to pick her little son up again and give him a big hug. When she read the printed letters below the flowers, I WILL TRI NOT TO KRI—BILLY, Mother did give Billy a big hug and a big kiss, saying,

"Billy Boy, I haven't seen you cry for days and days."

"Cause I haven't cried," said Billy, with a chuckle. "I'm going to tell my teacher that I've been keeping Lent, too."

"And you have," said his mother. "You have done the hardest thing of all."



ON THE WINGS OF A SONG

MANY years ago a pretty, young teacher said to her class in Sunday School,

"I have a new song for you again this morning. I'm sure you will like it. I have been singing it to myself ever since I wrote it for you. This is the way it is going to sound."

She hummed a little tune over and over ; soon the children were humming it with her, and all were smiling and happy.

"And this is what it is going to say," said the pretty teacher :

Jesus loves me ! this I know
For the Bible tells me so.
Little ones to Him belong ;
They are weak but He is strong.

Time after time she repeated it for them ; then they said it together ; and finally some could say it alone. It was easy to put the words and the tune together when they knew both, and the children went home singing the song that Anna Warner had written for them, as she had written their songs before.

Every Sunday after that those children wanted the new song, and Miss Warner's face would look very happy as she heard their little voices. Soon other churches began to sing it, and the children's song seemed to have wings, for it flew across the country, and even across the ocean. Finally it found its way in a paper to the home of Dr. John Chamberlain in India.

The children that came to his Sunday School couldn't speak in English, so he changed the song into Telugu, the language which they spoke. He taught them the words, and told them they could use a tune which they already knew and liked very much. Soon they could sing it as well as Miss Warner's children did, and they asked to have it for their school song.

A few weeks after Dr. Chamberlain had taught the song to his school he was riding along on his horse when he came to a very poor town where he had never been before. The streets were dirty, and the houses were only rude huts made of mud. As he entered the town, he heard someone singing. Pulling his horse to the side of the road and tying it, he went down the narrow street where the singing seemed to come from. In the center of the street stood a boy of twelve, singing at the top of his voice. He was smiling, and the crowd of people who were standing all about him were smiling, too. Dr. Chamberlain stepped back into the doorway and waited.

Jesus loves me! this I know
For the Bible tells me so,
Little ones to Him belong;
They are weak but He is strong,

sang the boy.

"Where did you learn to sing that?" called a man from the crowd.

"I heard it at the Mission School," said the boy.

"What is the Bible?" asked another.

"The Bible is the Word of God, the great Father," answered the boy.

"Who is Jesus?" asked a tired mother with a baby fastened on her back.

"Jesus is the man who came to show folks how to keep from doing wrong things," said the boy. "My teacher said he was good, and we must be good, too."

"Sing it again. I want to sing it," said the tired mother.

"Sing it again," said the men and women. "We will all learn it." So he sang:

Jesus loves me! this I know
For the Bible tells me so.
Little ones to Him belong;
They are weak but He is strong,
Yes, Jesus loves me; Yes, Jesus loves me;
Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bible tells me so.

"The little song is helping," said Dr. Chamberlain, as he quietly rode away. "I hope it goes all around the world."

And so it has, for in more than twenty-five different countries boys and girls can sing that song, each in his own tongue, and everywhere the children love it. Wouldn't it be wonderful to hear them all sing it at once?



THE LAST-LOOK GAME

THERE is a little girl in Boston who has a game called The Last-Look Game which boys and girls certainly would like to play. She has been playing it since her eighth birthday. Among her presents on that day she found a little red leather book on which was printed, "My Last-Look Game." All day long she wondered what she was supposed to do with that little red book, for there was no writing in it—just the names of the days of the week printed on one page after another.

When she was ready for bed, her father explained the game:

"I want to know which has the brightest eyes—you or mother," he said. "When your mittens are on the chair instead of being in the closet, mother sees them, but you don't. When your books are scattered all over the room, mother sees that they would look much better in a neat pile. Soon I am going away to a place where there are many, many things to see. I want to take with me the one who has the brightest eyes. Now we are ready for the game."

Hilda could hardly wait. She wasn't sure she would like to pick up things, but she knew she wanted to go on a trip with her father.

"You know just where your shoes ought to be, and your dress, and your books," said her father. "You may have ten minutes up here alone in your room. Make everything look just as it should look when you are ready for bed. If mother finds nothing out of place, you may

write ten on the page marked Monday. If she finds things that should have been put away, she may have one point for everything she finds." Then he went down stairs.

"Take a last look," he called from the foot of the stairway.

Well, that last look was a good thing, for her pencil box had slipped off the chair and two pencils and a pen were right there by the chair on the floor.

"My," said Hilda, "Mother would have made three points the very first thing." She quickly put the pencil box with her books, and called,

"All ready." Mother looked all around.

"Your clothes are all hung up; your shoes are where they belong; your dress is ready for morning; your doll is in her carriage. What a nice, clean room you have!" said her mother. "I can't see a thing wrong." So Hilda wrote 10 in her book, and went to sleep with a smile.

But the very next morning Hilda forgot to take a last look into her bedroom before she left for school and her mother found three things that should have been hung in the closet. Hilda also forgot to take a last look in the hall before she went to school, though her father had reminded her to do so before he went to his train. Her mother picked up her scarf and put it in a box where all things found out of place were to be put. That night mother had eight points when Hilda went upstairs, for she had picked up eight things.

You may be sure Hilda looked about very carefully before she jumped into bed; she mustn't let mother win that trip with father.

Well, the weeks went by. Every Saturday morning Hilda and her mother added up the points they had written in the book, and Hilda was far ahead when the time for the trip came. She and her mother both had liked their

game, and mother knew that it was teaching Hilda good habits, so they decided to keep on with the game until all the days printed in the book had been used. At the end of the year, they are going to have a big, big treat together called, "The Bright Eyes Reward."

Each Saturday they have had fun adding up their points. If Hilda has won, she may choose some place to go with her mother, or she may choose something that she would like to have for dinner, or she may ask a little friend in for supper. If Hilda has lost, she has to find ten things to do that will help her mother: for, you see, she has made work for her mother when she has left things around, so it is only fair to do extra work to make up for it.

That little red book was the best birthday present that Hilda had. Her father thinks so; her mother thinks so; and Hilda, herself, says that she has had more fun in her Last-Look Game with her mother than with any other game she has ever played.



EDWARD'S PRAYER

MOTHER," said Edward, looking up from the big dictionary which he had carried, with difficulty, to the dining-room table. "I can't understand what some of these big words mean. Would it do if I wrote down here, 'Pure means clean inside and outside.' "

"How did you want to use the word, son?" asked his mother. "That isn't quite the usual meaning of it, but it might do."

"I just want to know what two or three words mean," he replied. "I'll tell you tonight why I want to know. I guess that will do for 'pure.' "

He was very quiet for a long time as he turned the pages of the heavy book over and over; then he said, "Brave means not being a coward, doesn't it, mother?"

"Usually that is right," she answered.

"Well, then, what does true mean?" he asked. "I can't find a word that I want for that."

"True," she repeated. "Why, true means folks can trust you; it means mother knows that you will try to do right."

"My," he said, as if to himself, "that would be hard," and he bent again over the paper on which he was writing his definitions. He erased several words; he tore up two papers; he seemed to find something very puzzling. Finally he pointed with his pencil to what he had written, and said, slowly, "One, two, three, four, five." He folded the paper, put it carefully into his spelling book, and went out to play.

That night, when Edward had taken his bath and

brushed his hair ; had cleaned his teeth, and was all ready to be tucked into bed by his mother, he said to her :

"Mother, would you mind if I said a prayer tonight that is all my own? I want to ask God for just what I want, tonight."

"That would be a good thing to do," replied his mother, wondering for what he was going to ask.

"My teacher said on Sunday that when boys got as big as we were, we ought to think about our prayers, and not just say a verse. So I've been thinking," said Edward.

"You may always talk to God in your own words," said his mother. "Your teacher is right. If you mean what you say, that is the best way to pray."

"I was thinking what I wanted to say when I asked you about those words," said the boy. He took her hand in his, as he always did, and then he kneeled down by his bed.

"Dear God," he began, "I want to be kind, and good, and brave, and pure, and true. Amen."

Mother's eyes were full of tears as she kissed him good night and went down stairs to father. Before she reached the foot, she came back to his bed and said, "Edward, God must have been very happy to hear that prayer from a boy who had thought about every word. If you and God work together, you will grow to be like Jesus. He was kind, and good, and brave, and pure, and true."



THE NEW CROWN

PART I

IN A tiny grass plot between two roads—the one leading to a great city, and the other to an upland farm—a little weed began to grow when Spring was yet quite new. It was a hard place in which to grow. The soil was sandy, and often very dry. Large animals were driven along the road each day, stopping to crop the grass and tender weeds as they ambled along. Many trucks and whizzing cars came close to the little weed as she stood there day after day. Sometimes she was almost sucked under the wheels; sometimes she was almost broken by the heavy winds and storms. Occasionally a road-scraper—that giant enemy of the weed—came that way. Yes, indeed, it took a lot of courage to grow there in the fork of the road.

But this little weed had good courage. She wanted to be beautiful, so she pushed up and up toward the sun, and down and down to find food and moisture for her roots. She was soon straight and strong, and she seldom grumbled.

“I wonder what I am going to be and do,” she said to herself. “Of what use is a plant, anyway?” but no one answered her question.

One day a violet, which grew in a ditch not far away, woke to find a beautiful purple flower rising above her leaves.

“Oh! oh! oh!” cried the weed. “Can I ever be as beau-

tiful as that? Wait," she called to a bee. "Tell me! Of what use is a flower?"

"To give honey to the bees," he buzzed, without stopping in his flight.

"But where is my honey?" pondered the weed.

Soon the daisy and the buttercup both burst into flower and were eagerly gathered by the school children to carry to their teacher.

"These will make our teacher happy," they cried as they filled their arms.

"Maybe a flower is supposed to make somebody happy," thought the weed, and she longed all the more for her own flower children to appear. As the summer months went by, she became very much puzzled.

"I am only green and useless," she said. "Of what use is it to try to grow straight and strong, if I am to be useless?" and she begged the insects that ran up and down her stem to try to find out why she had no beautiful flower children.

Then one happy day, when the sun shone warm, she felt her own flower buds beginning to grow and she knew that the time of her crowning was near. Would she be purple like the violet, or red like the clover, or white like the daisy? She could hardly wait to see, and when she found herself covered all along the stem with lovely yellow blossoms, her joy was unspeakable. She swayed in the breeze, holding out her beauty to all who passed by.

"See that beautiful goldenrod!" called a child in passing, and the weed thrilled as she thought,

"Now I am giving pleasure, too. Surely I am the loveliest flower that has bloomed by the roadside this whole summer through. I shall never, never lose my beauty as the rest have done. The bee may try to find my honey, and I want to stay here and make the roadside beautiful."

But, though the goldenrod did her very best, one by one her flower children dropped to the ground to make other weed families, and, at last, she stood there in the fork of the road, stiff and brown, with not one thing to make her beautiful. The oaks were golden; the maples were red; the elms were yellow; and the firs were green. All were lovely except herself.

"Why must I stay here alone?" she cried. "Why could I not fall to the ground with my children? I am lonely and useless. If only someone would pluck my stem and throw me away. Useless! Homely! I am old, and no one needs me." But there she had to stand and wait.

One night, when the wind blew and it was very cold, the goldenrod felt something lightly touch her stem; it came again and again. She seemed to hear a faint whisper, and then to feel something cuddling very close to her heart, as if to keep warm. •

"What can it be?" she cried. "I wish it were day so that I could see who has come to me. Someone needs me, I am sure. I will open my brown buds and let my visitors enter." So she did. She could feel the little visitors snuggling closer and closer until she could hardly hold her head up with them there. Her house was full of them, and they were clinging to her stem and dead leaves. Eagerly the goldenrod watched for the dawn, and with the first red glow of the east, she opened her eyes. Then she uttered a glad cry of surprise.

In place of her bright yellow crown, she now wore a high crown of dazzling white. It sparkled in the light, and was far more beautiful than the yellow one had been. She was holding hundreds and hundreds of tiny snow fairies, every one as perfect as could be; every one glimmering white. They clung lovingly to their new mother, and the goldenrod was very happy.

"Mother," called a child who was riding by. "See the goldenrod you wouldn't let me stop to pick one day. It is covered with snow. Isn't it beautiful?"

"It is beautiful, child," replied the mother. "The goldenrod is showing us that one can be useful, even when stiff and old. The little weed is making the roadside beautiful, just as it was when we passed in the summer time. Its crown of white is there because it stood ready to help."

"I shall remember that," said the goldenrod with a glad heart. "I shall stand right here all winter, ready to help the snowflakes, and I shall no longer feel ugly, or lonely, or useless. I have beautiful work to do. Maybe some time, if I wait, I shall again have a crown of gold."

So the goldenrod held the snow fairies close through that cold winter's day as she stood there in all her new beauty in the fork of the roads, one of which led to the upland farm and the other to the heart of a great city.



THE NEW CROWN

PART II

ONE tiny little street was all that separated the old tumbled-down shacks near the railroad tracks from the great houses on the hillside. It was only a narrow street, yet to live on one side of it meant comfort and opportunity; to live on the other side meant poverty, sickness, and struggle.

One day Martha, a little golden-haired sunbeam of seven, was brought by her parents to live in one of those shacks on the side with the railroad track, and she found it a very hard place in which to grow. The ground was hard and bare; the houses were small and ill-smelling. Food was scarce, and winter was almost unbearable. Sickness seemed never to be entirely absent. Men who cared nothing for that which was beautiful stood about the streets. Occasionally one of the big cars from the hillside would rush through the narrow street; then Martha would run for her life, lest it mow her down as it passed. It took courage to be happy in Mill Village.

Now Martha longed for beauty. She wanted to be beautiful herself; she wanted to make others happy. She was eager to grow strong and well. She was different from most of the children who played at her door. She studied when others jumped rope or shot marbles; she worked happily in her home. She was cheery, even when the days were hard, so she was nicknamed "Sunshine."

How could she ever get away from the wrong side of that awful track? Morning, noon, and night she wondered.

At thirteen, school days were over and she was working in the mill. Her friends married and went away to found homes of their own. How could she go when all her money had to be used for the support of her mother and five brothers and sisters? She hated the old, noisy mill, yet when she was at home she smiled for the sake of her sad-faced mother. Yes, Martha was different.

"What is the use of a girl's life?" she cried. "Is it not to marry; to have a home; to make a beautiful place in which children can live and grow? Why must I give up the idea of a home and babies of my own? Why must I stand alone and useless?" But she had no one to answer her questions.

When Martha was past thirty, love came into her life and she married, but sickness, and poverty, and struggle were still her daily companions. Six children called her mother, and how she loved and cherished them, especially after their father had died and left her alone to care for them. When she gathered them about her at bedtime and told them stories, her heart was full of gratitude to God for her children.

"I shall never want to lose one of them," she said. "I shall keep them near me, my joy and my crown. I am rich in love, though so poor in money."

But children grow quickly; they love easily; they go gladly, when love enters their lives, forgetful of the home that must be left behind. One by one her children went far away, leaving Martha, at last, with sorrow and loneliness ever present. Her life seemed to wither and grow dry and barren. Streaks of gray came into that head of golden brown, as the joys of life seemed to fade away.

"I am lonely and useless," she cried. "Why should I have to stay when all the rest have gone? I would that God would pluck my life as a thing that is no longer

needed. I don't want to be old, and wrinkled, and useless. I might even be crippled with rheumatism so that I would have to be served by others. Old and useless! What a tragedy!"

As she sat in the evening by her darkened window and looked toward lighted homes where there was noise and laughter of children, her mind was filled with envy and unhappiness.

One day, as she weeded her little garden, she heard a wee voice say,

"Lady, may I please have one little flower? We haven't any garden at all since we lived over by the tracks."

"By the tracks!" Martha started, hurt by the thought of her childhood memories. A sickly little girl in a ragged dress stood behind her, gazing enraptured into a bed of scarlet poppies.

"Of course you may have flowers, child," said Martha, reaching out her hand. "Let's get clean hands and face first; then we will have cookies and a glass of cold milk, with flowers for you when you go home."

"Oh!" said the child. "That would be wonderful. I never have cold milk."

As Martha washed the thin, pale face with a soft cloth, a great thrill of joy passed over her. She snuggled the little one very close to her as they sat and ate their lunch on the porch. She found clothes and shoes that could be used to make the child more comfortable. Filling her arms with flowers, she opened the gate for the child to go, asking her to come soon again.

"God has sent an angel to me today," she thought, as she watched the child go out of sight. "I need not be useless. I can be kind to little children who are starved for beauty, or love, or kindness. Even if I am getting gray and stiff, I can still be useful."

Little by little her family grew. She opened her heart and her home. When money was left to her, she built a larger home; planted a larger garden; planned a wading-pool and a playground for her children. They crowded close to her loving heart and found safety and happiness there. Their little joys and problems became her mind-treasures. And thus she grew old; at least, her hair grew white; her face became wrinkled; her knees refused to bend gracefully. The world called her an old lady, but she didn't feel old; not even as old as she had done ten years before.

One day, as she sat in the garden with two of her little friends on the arms of her chair and another crouched at her feet to await a story, a man came through the garden gate.

"Please forgive me for intruding," he said pleasantly, "but your friends have sent me to you. I am an artist. I have painted a picture of a young mother with her baby on her knee. See! Like this! She has beautiful golden hair, and I have called the picture. 'The Crown of Gold.' " He spread before her a small watercolor sketch which was very beautiful.

"I have no money to buy pictures," said Martha. "I am surprised that my friends sent you to me."

"My picture is not for sale," he said. "I have painted it for a great exhibition. Now I wish to paint a mother whose hair has turned white—an aged mother, with love and happiness in her face. I have searched for weeks, but all aged mothers seem to feel unhappy at the thought of getting old. Your friends say you are happy, yet your face is wrinkled and your hair is white."

"And what do you wish me to do?" asked Martha.

"I want you to let me paint you with your grand-

children. You were very beautiful together as I came in the gate," he replied.

"These are not my grandchildren," said Martha, with a merry laugh. "These are—why—why—these are my love-children; my jewels; the angels that God sent to me when I, too, was distressed because I was growing old, and gray, and useless."

So the artist painted the lovely aged mother with her group of little friends. He placed the picture side by side in a great art museum with the golden-haired young mother whom he had found so long before. He called one the CROWN of GOLD; the other THE CROWN OF WHITE. Perhaps some day you may see them for yourself.

"Old age is not necessarily ugly, or barren, or useless," said Martha, as she stood before the pictures. "There are always children who need mothering; always aged mothers who need the touch of a little hand. There is always the cry of human need. I may grow very old, but, please God, I will not grow useless."



THE MEASURING STICK

THERE were only fifteen pupils in that little country school in a town in New York State. Several of them were as large as the new, young teacher. Three children were small, and Vera was the youngest. She was only seven, and full to the brim with mischief.

The new teacher was soon a favorite with the children. She wore pretty dresses, and she had yellow hair that curled all about her face. When she smiled, the dimples came into her cheeks and her eyes were very friendly. Vera would watch her during the day, and then try to make her straight hair curl about her ears when she went to bed: "Like teacher's." She loved that new teacher.

One fall day, soon after school had begun, Miss Lane took all the pupils into the wood-shed to measure how tall they were. As each one stood against the wall, she placed a little dot to mark his height.

"We are going to have plenty of exercise at recess time this year," she said, "and I must know how much you grow."

Just before school closed that afternoon, she rang her little bell for attention. Then she said,

"Children, I am here to help you grow in many ways. I want you to grow tall, and to be well. I also want you to grow strong inside. I have brought some little measuring sticks that I think will help you grow inside, if you will let them." She turned to Vera, who sat right in front of her, and said,

"Vera, tell me the person whom you would most like to be like," and Vera answered very quickly,

"I'd like to be like my father."

The teacher laughed and said,

"You'll have to grow some before you are like your good father." Vera's father was her minister at the village church, and the teacher admired him. Picking up one of the small, new rulers from her desk, she printed V E R A on it and handed it to the child.

"Whenever you use this in your school work, remember that you want to be like your father. Try to make your work as much like his as you can," she said. "Your father writes very neatly. He spells correctly; and everyone likes to hear him read. Those are the things you are trying to learn to do."

Every pupil received a ruler, after telling her about the person whom he admired. There was one ruler left, and she gave this to Vera to give to her father.

There was trouble in the yard of the parsonage that afternoon, and Vera was severely blamed. So, when she crept up on her father's lap for her bedtime story, she wasn't a very happy little girl. The story helped, however, and when she was ready for bed, she said to her father,

"Daddy, if you will tell me whom you would like to be like, I'll give you a surprise." Very quickly her father answered,

"I want to be like Jesus, child. I want to be kind, and good, and helpful, as He was."

"Well," said the child, "you'll have to grow a lot, for He didn't scold the little girls who played near where he was working. My teacher sent this to you. I've got one, too. I'm trying to be like you."

Her father gave her a big hug and said,

"The little rulers will help. You try to do your lessons well, and be good in school. I will try to be patient and kind."

Not many days after that there was trouble in the school room, and the big folks told the little folks that they must say they didn't know who had broken the window.

"Do you know who broke the window?" asked the teacher later, looking at the little girl in the front seat.

Very slowly Vera shook her head, remembering the threats of the big boys. She quickly dropped her eyes before the kind eyes of the teacher. There lay the ruler.

"Your father wouldn't have lied," it seemed to say. "You are a coward."

It was a long, long afternoon for that little girl. She was ashamed of what she had done, and she was unhappy. Yet she was afraid of what might happen to her between the school and her home if she did as her father would want her to do. School was to be out at four, but before that time came her cheeks were hot and she wanted to cry. Little by little she had printed a note. Calling the teacher to her, she said,

"I feel sick. Could I go home, please?"

The teacher helped her with her coat, and asked one of the older girls to take her home. A book belonging to the teacher was on the child's desk, so the teacher took it to her own desk and pulled out the enclosed slip of paper. She had seen the child writing the note. It said:

"I KNOW BUT I CAN'T TELL. MY RULER HURTS ME."

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A half century has gone by since that day. The little ruler still is used by the one to whom it was given. It has been re-varnished many times, and the four letters have been re-inked again and again. It is one of that lady's treasures. Her father died when she was in the grammar

school, but the little ruler often brings him to mind when it whispers,

“You’ll have to grow some if you are like your good father. What would he have done if he had been in your place today?”



IN MY PLACE

ARE there angels today?" asked the teacher of the Girl's Club in the Settlement House.

The girls smiled and shook their heads, but the mother of one of the girls, who was a guest that evening, raised her hand and said:

"I have seen one; and only one." Immediately all were interested. "Where?" "When?" "Who?" cried the girls.

"I can't tell a story like you could do," said the tiny little woman with hair that was prematurely gray. Perhaps she was thirty-five years of age. She was of American birth, and was very poor. She supported an old mother and a crippled child, with the help of the daughter who belonged to the Club. "I'll tell you about the angel I saw," she continued.

"Jennie Cassidy lived in Louisville, Kentucky, when I lived there. She had been thrown from a carriage many years before, hurting her spine. She was a helpless, bed-ridden invalid for twenty years with no time, day or night, when she was not in pain; pain that would have killed some folks, at times. Yet Jennie Cassidy was always thinking of other folks, not of herself.

"Jennie had a good mother; a mother who was beautiful in spirit. That's the kind of beauty you can't buy or borrow. It grew from inside, you see. She used to read to Jennie by the hour from books, and magazines, and newspapers, not only to pass the time away, but also because it gave Jennie things to think about when she was awake at night.

"One day her mother read her about a Holiday House that the Christian Association in Philadelphia had founded near Philadelphia for working girls with low wages. The idea appealed to Jennie, and she began to wish there could be such a Home for the working girls of Louisville. She asked her friends about the working conditions for girls, especially in the sweatshops.

"Now I worked in one of those shops. I know what they were like. The air was vile; the dust was suffocating. We worked long hours, and got very small pay. Sometimes we were heavily fined for little mistakes that we made. We were hardly allowed to lift our eyes from our machines, because of the danger to our hands. Yet, after staying all day in a shop like that, I would often beg the overseer to let me have extra work to carry home, so that we might have more milk, or necessary medicine for the children. I was always tired; always discouraged. Jennie Cassidy's mother told her about sweat shops, and Jennie decided that she must find a way to do something for working girls.

" 'Do you know what I would like to do?' she said to her mother one day. 'I can't go into the country to see and enjoy the flowers, and birds, and grass. I can't sit in the sun or wade in the water. I can't climb trees or mountains. I would like to have other girls—poor girls—do such things in my place. Isn't there a little farm in the country where we could send a few girls, at least, this coming summer?'

" 'But most of such girls get no vacation,' said her mother. 'They couldn't afford to take time out, for their salaries are small, you know.'

" 'Then I must find a way to make up their salary, if they need a rest and change,' said Jennie Cassidy, decisively.

"Mrs. Cassidy knew that Jennie might not have long to live. She wanted to make her happy in any way possible, so she began to talk to friends of Jennie's plan. The King's Daughters of Louisville became interested and helped, both with money and publicity. Newspapers gave her space. Churches said they could give a little, and children raised money. In 1890 a small farmhouse was rented not far from Louisville. It was called Rest Cottage.

"I was one of the girls who went that first summer," said our story-teller. "I stayed two weeks, and it didn't cost me one cent. It was like heaven, after living in my little top-story room. The birds, the flowers, the good food, and the long nights of quiet sleep made a new girl out of me in body and in mind. I loved Jennie Cassidy when I went home again.

"Thirty-six girls went the first summer; then a larger farmhouse was rented, and men and women of Louisville helped to make furniture out of boxes and boards. We covered them with cretonne, and that next summer over two hundred girls had a vacation there. There wasn't much money, but Jennie and her mother had faith that God would help, and I guess He did, for friends who gave money were raised up hundreds of miles away from Louisville.

"When the second house was ready, Jennie wanted to go to see it. Her mother begged her not to try, knowing it meant dreadful pain for Jennie. The doctor advised against it, but she still wanted to go.

" 'It is my work, and I want to see it before I may have to die,' she said. 'I want to see the happy faces there. It will do me good to go.'

"When word went out that Jennie was going to try to go to Rest Cottage, every one seemed to want to find a way to help her. The street railway sent a special car to

her door. The railroad provided a special train. Young men offered to carry her stretcher while on the train, so as to make her journey as easy as possible.

"Jennie went to Rest Cottage and was carried from one part of the grounds to another on her stretcher. Not a word of complaint came from her, though she was suffering torture with every move. The place was just what she hoped it would be. She was thrilled with it all. Then they carried her home again.

"Not long afterward, in 1893, she died. All over the state people told of her courage, her bravery, her eagerness to serve others, especially through her Rest Cottage. Her funeral was one of the largest that had ever been held in Louisville.

"I was her guest at Rest Cottage," said the little gray-haired woman. "I watched her start on that journey to Rest Cottage, knowing that every move meant torture for her. I wanted her to see what she had given to working girls, but I longed to take her place until she reached the farm. I saw the hats come off the heads of the men as the car in which she was riding passed by. Then I was one of the throng who stood on the street and wept as her frail body, painracked for twenty years, was carried to its resting place; and I was glad she was released from her bodily prison. Jennie Cassidy was the only angel I have ever seen, but I firmly believe she was an angel, sent by God to the working girls of Kentucky."

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Jennie Cassidy died in 1893, but her work did not die with her. It was a hard financial struggle for her friends, at first, but they were loyal to her memory and persisted. In 1897 a much larger farm was purchased in Pewee Valley, outside Louisville. It was dedicated on Jennie

Cassidy's birthday, June ninth, and was named The Jennie Cassidy Rest Home. There it is today, still welcoming the working girls of Louisville; charging them only a few dollars a week, and giving them the vacation if they cannot afford to pay. Thirty-six girls can be accommodated at once, and many enjoy the farm for single day outings. Friends who know of the happiness the vacation brings to underprivileged girls still send money to make it possible for girls to see the mountains, and the green grass, and the flowers, "In my place," just as Jennie Cassidy did so many years ago.

"Not by might, nor by power, but by My spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." That is the secret of The Jennie Cassidy Rest Home.



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